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"LOVE NEVER FAILETH"

BY MARGERY LAND MAY

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS.

Playing with loaded dice is shaky business.

The cup that cheers is a noisy piece of crockery.

It's an ill wind that escapes and leaves a flabby tire.

The front door mat is frequently crossed in love.

When creek meets creek look out for spring freshets.

The only thing that beats a good wife is a bad husband.

The wise man always writes his letters on a cake of ice.

All the pictures in the rogue's gallery are not steal engravings.

It always unmans a woman when she obtains a decree of divorce.

A man's hide is too poor for utility when it won't hold an opinion.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever—if the cost price doesn't leak out.

Many sermons cease to be interesting when the dinner bell rings.

Most of our troubles arise from trying to uphold the blunders we make.

Corn in the field is shocked, but when it is made into whisky it is shocking.

The smaller the caliber, the bigger the bore. This applies to men, not firearms.

The ink is entitled to credit for much of the mightiness attributed to the pen.

You can't judge the size of a man's brain by the amount of noise he makes.

The price a woman pays for a complexion improver is always a handsome sum.

When a man begins to discuss matrimony with a widow the result is usually a tie.

Moses was not a Spanish toreador, but he seems to have been the original bull-rusher.

Some men prefer the joys they are after here to the prospective joys of the hereafter.

When it comes to dispensing flattery the photographer has other men beaten a city block.

There may be nothing new under the sun, but the imitations frequently surpass the original.

An old man in his second childhood is never as idotic as the young father in his first babyhood.

Enjoyment is the sweet satisfaction of knowing that your income is more than you can possibly spend.

There is nothing more idiotic that the smile of a pretty girl—when directed toward some other fellow.

The man who is looking for a soft place without honest labor can usually find it right under his hat.

We are told that the millennium is coming, but it isn't coming with a rush. Perhaps a messenger boy is bringing it.

Philosophy

Taught in the lore of all the schools,
The "wisdom" that we learn to love
Consists in dull, material rules
Nor lifts our thought to things above.

With microscopic lens do we
Behold the mountain's endless change
In detail, but we fail to see
The grandeur of the mass and range.

By rote and rule and ancient saw
We codify creation's plan,
And then behold what we call law
Upset by that wild anarch, man.

Fell human! Nature's darling child!
He treads our wisdom under foot;
To rules he'll not be reconciled,
The upstart! He will not "stay put!"

All order, law and limits he
Upsets upon the lightest whim;
And so we must confess that we
Can no dependence place on him.

And there's our law. From man we turn
To seek our selfish good alone,
And thus all cares and woes we learn,
To bear with patience—save our own!

The Bridesmaid's Romance

By Rose M'Laughlin

MOLLY COX was a regular mouse of a girl—the kind that always manages to lose herself in a crowd. When her parents died she became governess to the Belmont imps in order to keep herself alive. She would have dropped out of the social world, for her charges took up most of her time, but her friends would not let her.

That is, the girls would not. They loved Molly, for she was that sort, a sweet, big-hearted girl, always interested in other people's joys and troubles. Her weak point was her fear of men. She was desperately afraid of them, tho she gallantly hid the fact. The minute a wolf in man's clothing appeared on her horizon, she became so quiet and stupid, in spite of her best resolutions, that it was painful for every one concerned. To make matters easier, Molly disappeared when she found it convenient.

However, she was very much interested in them. Like a good many other girls, she had a vivid imagination, and pictured for herself many a pretty romance between Miss Molly Cox and an imaginary hero who, she told herself, humorously, was "too good to be true."

That seemed to be the case. Romance sought out the other girls and passed her by. Molly felt the pang most when Lillian Hubbard's engagement was announced. Lillian was her oldest school chum, and a rather plain girl but she was absolutely sure of herself, in a charming way. What hurt most was the fact that Lillian's fiance was a soldier; Molly did adore soldiers.

She was in the Hubbard library one evening with Lillian and the girls, discussing the trousseau, for Molly was to be bridesmaid, when Lillian announced:

"Girls, George and Jim have both received their commissions. Isn't that great?"

George was Lillian's fiance, formerly Sergeant Nathan from the nearby camp.

"Wonderful!" agreed Molly. "But who is Jim?"

"Jim? My cousin, who is to be George's best man."

Molly blanched at this, for if Jim were to be best man and she were the only bridesmaid, naturally he would fall to her lot. She couldn't think of letting Lillian see her concern, and said eagerly:

"I didn't know you had a cousin here, Lil. Do tell me about him. Is he good looking? How old is he? Has he——"

"Gracious!" laughed Lillian. "How cold-blooded you are, Molly. It sounds as tho you have designs on the poor man."

"That depends," returned Molly. "I do love a uniform; you have no idea how I thrill when I see one."

"I'll guarantee you enough thrills when you see Jim. He's perfectly dashing, and has about two dozen girls adoring him all the time."

Now, as luck would have it, the young man in question, together with Lieutenant Nathan, had entered the house a few moments before. They made their way to the library unannounced. At the first mention of his name, Jim Hubbard stopped short, just outside the door. A look of comic horror overspread his face as the conversation waxed more personal.

"What is Jim's last name?" asked Molly, in a business-like tone.

"Hubbard; I hope you approve of it?"

"Ye—es. Of course a name would have to be pretty nice before I'd change mine for it."

Jim turned and faced Nathan blankly.

"Ye gods!" he whispered. "The little fish! She evidently has it all settled. Who do you suppose the young goddess is, George?"

"We shall see in a minute," said Nathan, his hand on the knob, but Jim pulled him back.

"I say, I can't go in there after a declaration like that. You know how I detest those militant girls, anyway. I'm going to vanish," and in a minute he was gone.

Nathan faced the goddess alone, and was amazed to find her a shy, pretty girl who lapsed into silence upon his appearance. In face of the fact that Jim Hubbard cordially disliked girls who pursued him, and admired the "feminine" type very much, it was amusing that he had run away from shy Molly Cox.

The wedding, a simple one, took place a month later. In all that time Molly and Jim did not meet. Each saw to that. Lillian frequently told Jim of Miss Cox's anxiety to meet him, and the young man was disgusted. On one occasion he declared recklessly that if he could help it, Jim Hubbard and Militant Molly (as he dubbed her) would never meet.

The meeting came, inevitably, on the wedding day. After the ceremony was over, Molly came down the aisle on Jim's arm, and he could feel the warm, nervous clasp of her arm on his sleeve. He gazed admiringly at the flushed face under the drooping hat, wondering who she was. He knew he had never seen her before. Too bad, for she was just the sort he liked. Well, he would find out soon, and then—very careless of him not to have asked Lillian the name of her attendant. That was how interested he had been.

At the church door Lillian was swallowed up by her friends and relatives, and Molly, from natural inclination, drew out of the crowd. Because she did, Jim did, too, and they found themselves alone together. Molly tried to say something chatty, but, meeting the interested glance of the soldier, the words tripped over themselves, and she colored vividly. Jim, seeing the flush, decided that she was one of the nicest girls he ever had met.

He managed to secure a great deal of time with her during the course of the evening, and Molly found her fright disappearing. There was something so kind and thoughtful about Jim Hubbard that she was able to show him her real self.

Their talk turned to rings, and, under some pretext, Jim took her hand in his. The moment he felt her shy, but withal confident touch, he told himself he was a "goner."

It was at this juncture the bride came upon them.

"My dears," she said, "I was afraid I'd been neglecting you. It struck me a minute ago that you two had not even been introduced."

"We haven't," said Jim, "but what's in a name, anyhow?"

"A great deal, sometimes. This is Molly Cox, Lieutenant Hubbard."

Lieutenant Hubbard was almost guilty of rudeness. He stared at Molly.

"I don't believe it," he said decidedly.

Lillian laughed.

"You must take Molly at her face value, Jim, dear. She would not have been so brave that night had she known that you were on the other side of the library door."

She went off, and Molly rose with a stifled cry. Hubbard caught her to prevent her running away. His very touch was a caress, and Molly felt her heart melting too rapidly for comfort.

"Molly, Molly Cox," said Jim. "Do you think Hubbard is a nice enough name to give yours in exchange for?"

Molly, frightened and incredulous, looked up, but when she met Jim's eyes, she knew that at last her hero, for whom she had been waiting a long time, was standing before her.

"Oh, what's in a name, anyhow?" she said, and blushed.

LOVE PROBLEMS.

M. G. M.: You are 19 and have a sweetheart 18, whom you love dearly. This young man sometimes says he cares for you; at other times he says he doesn't. You want to know what to say to him when he has such spells. Also you wonder if it is right to wink and flirt with other young men when you have one of your own. First, don't wink or flirt, as you call it; such actions are very vulgar and place you among girls who don't care very much for their names. About the young man, give him a dose of his own medicine. Just act a little indifferently yourself, and you will soon find out whether or not he really cares for you. As a matter of fact, I don't believe any young man who really cares for a girl has any doubt about it in his mind at any time.

EDNA: You are a married woman of 28 and have been married since you were a little more than 14. Your husband is 37 and treats you fine in every respect. You have no children. Some time ago, you met a man of 27, who, you soon discovered, was in love with you. You tried to get rid of him, but the plan did not succeed. Instead, you find you love him and want to know what to do. You are a very foolish woman. What you feel is not love. It is just silly infatuation. Perhaps if you'd go away somewhere for a little visit you would feel better and get a different viewpoint toward life.

LAWRENCE: You are a boy of 18 and have talent for the stage. You want to know how to get a try-out or a trial engagement. The easiest way to do this is to go to the manager of some show or circus that gets to your nearest town and have him give you a try-out, or if he won't do this, ask him for the names of some people in Chicago who will. I'm sorry I can't give these to you offhand.

WORRIED: You are a married woman with three children. Your husband has a store in town but does not want you in it to help him. He has a young lady clerk whom you do not approve of. He discharged her once because she is not much of a worker, but she followed him around for the day and when you got angry he rehired her. I think your husband likes to tease you because you are jealous of him. Just be as indifferent as possible. Don't follow him around. As for not wanting you in the store, I think he is right. You have your home and children to look out for. That is more than enough.

M. E. G.: You are a girl of 19 in love with a young man of 24. He has asked you to marry him, and you have consented. But your parents do not know about it. He is going to tell them You think they won't consent, and want to know if there is any harm in running away or getting married while away from home. Why do you think your parents will refuse to consent? If their reason for so doing is a good one, better listen to it and avoid much trouble later.

He Wanted Information.

IN A CERTAIN case, where the charge was the theft of a watch, the evidence was conflicting. As the jury retired the judge observed that he would be glad to help in adjusting any difficulties that might present themselves to the minds of the jury.

Eleven jurors filed out of the box. The man who remained wore an expression of extreme perplexity.

Observing his hestitation, the judge said:

"Would you like to ask me a question?"

"Yes, your honor," replied the juror eagerly. "I'd be very glad if you'd tell me whether the prisoner really stole the watch."

How Many Men Would Go to Such Lengths to Prove That

"LOVE NEVER FAILETH"

By MARGERY LAND MAY

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WHEN rumors first reached America that Noll Gibson had been killed in France, Dana Randolph refused to believe them. Noll Gibson, slender, quick-moving, nobly patrician of countenance, dead! It was incredible. The last time she had seen him, she had been struck by the tan-skinned, clear-eyed health of him. He was in khaki then. She was impressed as never before by his visionary look; by the splendor of his dark head, almost Grecian in beauty of contour. Noll Gibson dead? It couldn't be true! And so she had gone on hoping. But now there was no hope. In her lap lay his last letter and the Croix de Guerre which had been awarded him for extraordinary heroism in action.

Her head, with its glory of gold-touched hair, dropped. Some of the dripping sorrow of the rainy day blurred her eyes as she gazed down at the strong, vigorous handwriting of the letter on her knee.

She looked about her—at the little den done in mahogany and blue; at the cozy hearth fire; at the ceiling lights, deftly placed, diffusing a pinkish glow. Her glance wandered to the etchings on the walls. One of them—a skilful thing in black and white—Noll had brought her from Japan. She shuddered. Here, where everything was instinct with warmth, with comfort, with wealth tastefully suppressed, the thought of death smote her like a blow. Now, when her happiness was at its zenith, she shrank from memories of Noll Gibson—memories which took her, on black wings, to the torment of the past.

She had known Gibson always, and always he had told her with that splendid, suppressed passion of his, that he loved her. He meant to marry her some day, he said. In the meanwhile ne could afford to wait. His waiting was so tender, so chivalric, so fraught with care for her, that during the meteoric, rainbow days of her debutantehood, Dana toyed with the picture of herself as his wife, and mistress of the white-stone palace in which he lived.

But that was before Gibson had Bruce Randolph, his classmate at Yale, out to Moreland to visit him.

Randolph had a splendid, sports-trained body, topped by a tawny, leonine head. He was electrically alert. There was about him an abounding vitality—a vividness—which impressed others with his distinction wherever he went.

Gibson and Randolph were equally aristocratic, highplaced men of fashion and money. Between them, however, there was this difference. Gibson ordered his life in a leisurely, fellow-kindly fashion, with a marked deference and consideration for the wishes and happiness of others. Randolph lived with all the rush and impact of intensity. He charged thru his days, snatching what he wanted. Thus it was that the moment he saw Dana, he felt the greed for possession.

They met at a ball.

"This is my dance," asserted Randolph, and tho it wasn't, Dana went twirling off in his arms.

"You're as beautiful as a dream!" he whispered, when they were exchanging good-nights, "And you're going to ride with me tomorrow."

SHE assented, and in those after days of his wooing, she fell into the habit of granting all his wishes. She could not resist him. She did not want to resist him. She thrilled with all the quiver of young yearning to the on-swoop of his loving. When he asked her to marry him, without an instant's hesitation, she consented.

Gibson took the news gamely.

"All right, little girl," he answered, when over teacups one evening she told him she was engaged. "Just remember that I love you, and that," a whimsical smile twisted his lips, so suddenly gone pallid, "love never faileth."

But in the following weeks of trosseau getting, she was too radiant with just being to remember save the bruising fierceness of Randolph's kisses, and the way he crooned her name. It was not, in fact, until a week before her marriage that she thought of Gibson at all.

On that day Desiree Lord, an old-time friend, spoke the words which caused in her a recrudescence of memory.

"Who was that girl I saw Bru with at Moquin's the other night? From the way they were carrying on," she added with languid maliciousness. "I imagined it must be some one awfully dear to him—probably his sister."

For a second, Dana hid her suddenly pain-twisted face behind a bit of fluffy lingerie. Then, like a tiny craft nobly righting itself after the blast of storm, her delicate profile lifted.

"Oh, that was just a friend—a very dear friend of mine and his. I had a headache that night and sent them out together. She switched the subject to, "Oh, Desiree, do look at these ducky camisoles Aunt Mamie sent me from France!"

But when Desiree, a sleek, attitudinizing creature, who wore last year's frocks as if they were the newest models from Lucile's, and managed to achieve with her slim, supple body the look of a boulevardiere, left, Dana went straight to the 'phone.

"That you, Noll? This is Dana. I must see you at once. Oh, thank you!" She cried in a voice that broke on the words.

Gibson was thoughtful when he arrived, and more thoughtful when he left, twenty minutes later, to have a talk with Randolph.

That his words had been forceful and persuasive was proven to Dana that night, when Bruce slumped to his knees beside her and, utterly penitent and contrite, begged:

"Don't be cross with me, sweetheart. I'm sorry truly. Some of the boys had a poker game that night and I—well, I drank too much, that's all. Then when they proposed a supper at Moquin's with a bunch of girls they knew, why—I was just too befuddled to refuse." He rubbed his cheek against her sleeve like a repentant, little boy. "I am sorry," he said. "It won't happen again. Forgive me, won't you, Dana?"

There was no resisting his appeal. She ran her fingers thru his crisp, thick hair. She drooped towards him.

"If I kiss you, Bru, will you promise to be good?"

He lifted his face to hers.

"Will I? Oh Dana, darling!"

IN THE ensuing four years of their marriage there were many repetitions of this scene, tho after Junior came Bruce's innocuous little flirtations with pretty women grew, for Dana, beautifully less.

One evening she had Gibson to dine.

"I believe," he said, as they went upstairs for a peep at chubby Junior, "that you are at last completely happy."

Dana, with a little stir of compassion for him, turned from the brooding flame of his eyes and touched with fingertips the rose-leaf of her baby's cheeks.

"Who wouldn't be—with this?" she countered.

Gazing at her lingeringly as she stood there, like a silver-tipped rush in the shimmer and sheen of her evening gown, Gibson, usually so poised, could not stem pent-up words.

"Who wouldn't be with you? Oh, Dana, Bru's been blessed by the gods!"

Once in the library again, Gibson said lightly, as Bruce passed him a cocktail:

"I just told Dana, Bru, that you didn't deserve your luck. Such a wife and such a baby! Ye Heavens, man, I hope you realize——"

Bruce, an affectionate arm thrown, for a moment, about Dana's shoulders, chipped in with: "Do I? Well, I guess. You should have heard me piping away to Desiree Lord this afternoon——"

"Desiree Lord!" exclaimed Dana, moving away and sinking into a blue and gold tapestried chair. "When did she get here, Bru? And why?"

Bruce tossed off another cocktail before he answered.

"She's come back to Moreland to live with that crosspatch aunt of hers. Poor, little girl, she's had hard lines. No money and all that sort of thing. But, say, Dana, she does look ripping. I had a long talk with her. In fact, we dropped into the Kingston for tea." He flung himself on the chesterfield and lit a cigarette.

"By the way, I mentioned the ball we're giving next week, so don't forget to ask her."

In the days before her marriage, Dana had once said to Gibson: "Noll, you are my mental mirror. I have only to look at you to catch the reflection of my mood. If I am blue, you are drolly lugubrious. If I am happy you glow like Sunny Jim in the advertisement for Force."

She had made that comment lightly, teasingly, but in the weeks that followed Desiree Lord's return to Moreland, she had occasion to recall it. There was a worried, gray look in Gibson's eyes whenever they met hers, and his manner towards her was instinct with the solitude of the person who is erecting about a loved one guardinage from ill.

For instance, there was that night when Bruce had, at the last moment, phoned her that business compelled him to stay in New York, and when Mrs. Foster-Carter, who had invited them to a dinner at her home, had given Gibson an eleventh hour bid, and sent him around to fetch Dana. They had arrived a trifle late, and just as they were about to emerge from the hall into the salon, where the rest of the guests were awaiting them, Dana heard Mrs. Jason Appleton's staccato tones rising above the subdued hum of voices.

"Well, for my part, I think Bru Randolph's conduct is outrageous, and as for Desiree Lord—well, she must be mad."

At the probing, heart wrenching words, a shiver had shaken Dana's slender form. In a mist, she saw Gibson's distressed face bending above her; felt his hand tighten on her arm.

"Brace up, little girl," she heard him say. "Take your hurdles clean. That's it. Throw up your head. Don't let these felines pity you."

And proudly, coolly, she had entered that salon, and, fighting against a display of nerves, had smiled her way thru that dinner.

But in the limousine, going home, the leash of her self-control had broken. Tears had slipped from beneath her tight-closed eyes. Finally she had demanded of Gibson the truth.

"There's no use dodging, Noll," she had told him in a bitterly weary voice, "Bru and Desiree are the talk of the whole neighborhood. You know it. I know it. Every one knows it." She brought her hands together in a gesture of passionate protest as he started to soothe her. "You needn't try to shield him, Noll. I've deceived myself long enough. I couldn't, I wouldn't believe that my happiness means no more to him than that." Tears choked her. "He's with her every day—all the time—you know it, Noll."

Gibson crossed his hands on his stick, and leaning his chin against them, studied the shiny tips of his patent leather pumps.

"Of course he's with her some," he admitted reluctantly, "but he's just philandering, Dana. I wouldn't take it seriously. You know how impetuous Bru is." He hesitated, fumbling for excuses. Then commented drily: "Desiree is one of those pliant, provocative creatures who has a knack with a certain type of man—especially when he's been drinking—and——" he paused. "Forgive me for saying it, Dana, but Bru has been drinking lately more than his wont."

During the remainder of the ride, Gib-

son's presence brought her such a feeling of reassurance that she was able to greet Bruce with some of the old tenderness, when, upon arriving home, she found him prowling up and down the spacious hall, waiting for her.

He engulfed her in his arms, and the there emanated from him the suggestion of too much wine, she felt it was good to be there.

BUT this little moment of tenderness was not sufficient to bridge the chasm which yawned between them during the weeks that followed. Bruce, after a fortnight of good intentions, ran into Desiree one evening just as he was on his way to his train.

"Won't be home till late. Staying in town for dinner," was the laconic explanation which he gave Dana over the 'phone, and Dana, with a woman's unerring intuition, guessed what it was and who it was that kept him.

For Dana, the hours of that night dragged interminably. Mingling with the hot stirrings of her anger, was a feeling of premonition. Pacing the floor of her upstairs sitting room, she waited for something to happen. Every ring of the telephone, every honk of passing motors, startled her. The hands of the clock crept on. She watched them. One! Two! Three! Where was he?

It was almost 4 o'clock when she heard the grinding stop of a taxi, the click of the latch and the murmur of voices in the hall.

Descending the stairway noiselessly to its bay-windowed landing, she leaned over the balustrade. From where she was standing she could see Gibson supporting Bruce's staggering steps, as the two men made their way thru the open door of the den to the left of the staircase. In the stillness of that early morning hour she could clearly distinguish their words.

"Feeling better, old man?" asked Gibson, as he aided Bruce to the leather lounge, and, with hands on slim flanks, stood peering down at his sprawling form.

Bruce answered him in thick, furry tones. "Some better. Pour me a drink, will you? You'll find some whisky and fizz on the taboret near the hearth." Then, when he had quaffed deep of the highball, he gave a grunt of satisfaction. "Ah, that's the business." He smiled ruefully. "Nasty smash-up, eh, old boy? Thank God, Desiree wasn't hurt."

Gibson gave an outflung gesture of disgust.

"Wonder you both weren't killed. Look here, Bru, why don't you cut it out?"

Bruce gave him a wavering look of puzzlement. "Cut what out?" he uttered.

"Desiree, of course, and booze." Gibson drew a settee close to the lounge and seated himself, "Can't you see you're ruining your good name and Dana's chance for happiness? Don't you know you're the talk of the town? She isn't worth it, I tell you." He hesitated. "Listen here, Bru, haven't you sense enough to penetate Desiree's little game? Don't you understand that by the way you're acting—making a blooming idiot of yourself—you're falling exactly into her plans?"

Bruce's hand swept his brow unsteadily. A silly grin went across his features—features which were beginning to be flushed and coarsened by his steady drinking.

"Don't understand, old fellow. Don't understand," he muttered.

"I Can't Stand This Thing Any Longer."

Gibson broke forth in curt, incisive tones. "Well, it's simple enough. Desiree's poor, and she's been disappointed in her desire to catch some wealthy chap for a husband. Being a so-called respectable woman, she isn't going in for scandal in order to get her bills paid and her taste for luxury satisfied—for scandal of a certain sort, I mean. Therefore, she's reasoned, that in these days when divorce is taken as a matter of course, the next best thing to catching a single man who is eligible, is to snatch some one's else husband—some one who has lots of money. Well, you will fill that bill, Bru, and if you're not very careful, you'll find yourself divorced and married to Desiree before you know it. That's plain talk, old chap, but it's true. Cut her out before it's too late."

Rumpling his hair, Bruce struggled to an upright position. "Can't, old feller, can't. Goes to my head like a cocktail. Never met a girl like her. Forget everything when I'm with her—forget everything but her eyes. Never saw such eyes——"

"But Dana! Think of Dana!" Gibson ejaculated, springing to his feet and taking short turns about the room, "Don't you love her? Don't you care about her happiness?"

Bruce's head swung to one side, as he toppled back on the lounge. "Dana?" he repeated thickly, dazedly, "Good girl, Dana. Sure, I love her." He yawned and spread wide his arms. "Aw'fly tired, Noll. Gonna sleep here. Close the door, will you, when you go out. There's a good feller."

As Gibson emerged from the den, Dana, all unconscious of her negligee attire, descended the stairs swiftly and stopped him with a cry.

"Noll! Noll!" she sobbed.

His hands shot out to her. "Oh, my dear! My poor child!"

She clung to him, wan face; stricken eyes lifted. "Noll, what am I going to do?"

His face worked. Color flushed to it, only to ebb away leaving a clay-white pallor. He held her hands to his breast, crushing them in his. His eyes were like hot coals. They gazed at her passionately, with profound and pitiful tenderness. His breath was labored.

"Dana," he cried, "I love you. I've always loved you. I can make you happy, Dana. Leave him! Divorce him! He is not worthy."

Her head, in all its coppery radiance, drooped forward until her brow rested on his shoulder.

"You are good. You are so good," she murmured, "But Noll, I love him. I will always love him. Can't you help me? Noll, he is breaking my heart."

"My child! My poor child!"

She struggled on brokenly. "She's hypnotized him, Noll. There's never been anything like this before. Pretty women, of course. Foolish flirtations. But never anything like this. Never anything to make him slip so far away from me that he forgot everything—me, his home, his name, his baby." There was silence, thick, crushing, oppressive—silence punctuated by the harsh sound of his breathing; by her body-shaking sobs.

At last, tho, her head lifted proudly, she clinched her slender hands. "I love him. I can't give up. I won't give up! I'll go on fighting!" She began grimly only to end in a distressed appeal of: "Help me, Noll! Don't fail me, Noll. I need some one to help me!"

But the fight was hard, and for Dana it was made more difficult by the attitude of boyish irresponsibility which Bruce took towards the maintenance of their happiness.

It was characteristic of him that he sought to smooth over his peccadillos with a kiss and a hasty, "I am sorry. Really, I am. There's nothing more that I can say, is there?" That done, he considered his responsibilities at an end, and resented in Dana any lingering anger against him.

IT WAS inevitable, therefore, that they should drift so far apart that often an entire week passed during which they got no more than a glimpse of one another. As for Dana, as far as she could see, the fight was hopeless. There was nothing for it but to wait and ascertain to what lengths Bruce's continued attentions to Desiree Lord would lead them.

After three months of humiliation—three months during which she withdrew from her circle of kindly but curious friends, and in solitude sought the solution of her problem, there came an evening when, quite unexpectedly, Bruce phoned her from New York, and asked her to meet him in town for dinner at the Carlton.

Thrilled at his sudden attention, and hopeful that it was indicative of a possible reconciliation, Dana, with all the excitement of a debutante, submitted herself to the deft hands of her maid and emerged from them so exquisitely groomed that Bruce rewarded her with sparkling eyes and: "George, but you look ripping!"

But during their dinner Dana's hopes evanesced. With the entrees, Bruce subsided into sullen, furtive silence and applied himself industriously to his wines. An ugly flush mounted to the roots of his fair hair. His glance traveled frequently and seekingly about the room. He was uneasy, fidgety, nervous.

Finally Dana asked, "For whom are you looking, Bru?"

He did not have to answer her, for at that moment Desiree Lord, exotic and daring in black, swept past them, followed by Noll Gibson's slim silhouette.

"Ah!" breathed Dana.

He gave her an ironic look. "Gibson," he informed, "is giving her quite a rush."

His tone was ugly; his fingers trembled as he idled with the stem of his glass. She flushed angrily. She knew now why Bruce had asked her there to dine. He was keeping tab on Noll.

"And you, I gather, are jealous," she uttered sharply and with spirit.

He scowled. His mouth twitched. He tossed back his head defiantly, holding her eyes with his own. "Well, Dana, suppose I am? What have you got to say?"

She had nothing to say then, tho one night a week later she gathered her courage in her hands and, waiting up for him until the late hour when he came home, she confronted him.

"Bru," she said, "I've got to talk with you. I can't stand this thing any longer——"

"You don't have to," he interjected harshly. "It's ended—everything is over." He jerked a note from his pocket and tossed it to her. "If you don't believe me, read that."

Her fingers shook as she spread open the pages and saw Desiree's sprawling handwriting:

> Dear Bru: It never occurred to me that you regarded me as more than a friend. These past few months have been for me nothing more than a delicious lark. It was such fun to shock our neighbors. But all that is at an end. I am going in for the conventional. When I tell you that Noll Gibson and I are to be married on the first, you will understand why I am compelled to drop the exotic. Sorry I can't see you Monday, but I feel, dear boy, that it is best not to. Our little chapter has come to a close. We may as well write "finis" after it. But we had ripping times, didn't we? You've been a dear. Thanks for everything. I daresay Dana will be charmed that I am returning you to the fold. At any rate, no harm is done, and I never was more completely satisfied with life than I am today. Adios. As ever yours,
>
> DESIREE.

Dana glanced up from the letter to find an expression of abject misery and self-contempt written on Bruce's face. Catching her gaze, he strove for, but did not achieve nonchalance.

"Noll's a chump," he uttered. "Of course all she wants is his money." He took a quick turn about the room, stopping suddenly in front of Dana. "God, but I've been a fool," he cried, and all at once he was on his knees, his face buried in Dana's lap, his shoulders shaking with poignant, terrible sobbing.

WOUNDS of the heart heal quickly when touched by the ointment of love, and Dana's wounds proved to be no different from those of the rest of the world. Adjustments between her and Bruce were quick in the making. The old, lost sympathy and tenderness were soon restored. But, in spite of the re-establishment of her happiness, bitterness lingered with her—a corroding bitterness against Noll. The feeling was strong with her that Gibson, in marrying Desiree—in sharing with her the position which he occupied, had vindicated her indiscretions; had stamped with his approval the woman who had almost wrecked her home. Why had he done it? How could he have done it when but a comparatively short time ago he had told her of his love? Had Noll, the visionary, the high-minded, succumbed to a mere sensual desire for the pliant warmth of womanhood, as typified by Desiree? She could not believe so, and yet what else was there for her to think? At any rate, by his action, he had irrevocably closed her doors against him. One day she told him so.

She met him quite suddenly one afternoon while she was shopping on Fifth avenue. He was in khaki then, with the insignia of a captaincy on his shoulders. He was looking very fit, very bronzed and lithe, and his face shone as he stopped her.

"I've been wanting to see you, Dana," he said. "I leave in a fortnight for overseas. Won't you let me call?"

She drew herself to her slender height. Her look was cold; her voice chilled and aloof.

"I'm sorry, Noll," she answered, "but when you married the woman who almost made wreckage of my happiness and my home, you forfeited your claim to my friendship."

The sudden distress of his eyes shamed her. She added softly: "I am sorry . . . and Noll, I wish you luck."

That was the last time she had seen him. And now he was gone. He had met a soldier's death. With a hot constriction at her throat her fingers closed about his Croix de Guerre, her misty eyes sought again the last words he had written:

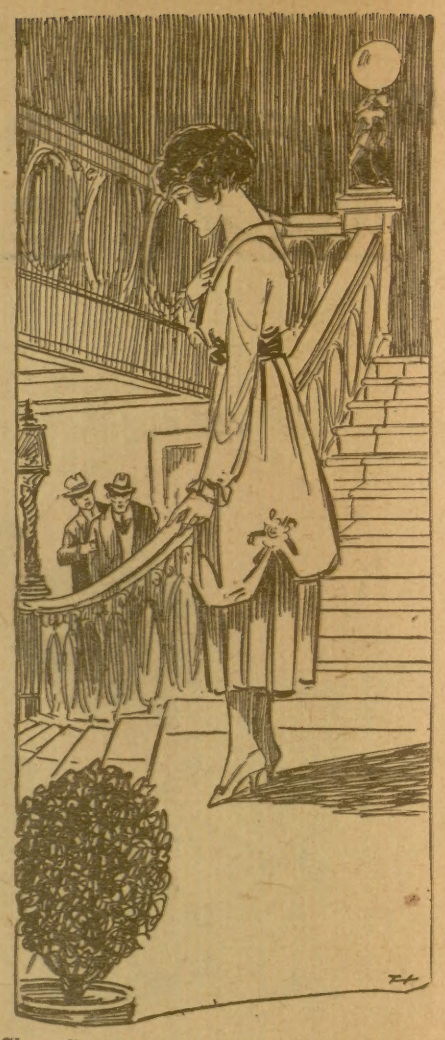
Dear Dana:

In writing you I avail myself of a dying man's privilege. I have volunteered to do a certain duty tonight. Tomorrow I shall be classed among those gallant ones who have already gone West. But before I go I want to tell you this: I have always loved you. I love you now. Your happiness in all respects has been the chief concern of my life. I know there have been times of late when you have not believed this. I write that I may erase that erroneous belief from your mind.

One night, long ago, in a moment of great distress, you begged me not to fail you. I could not face failure then. Pondering the problem—your problem and Bru's—I saw that there was but one thing to do. Briefly the situation was this: Desiree had been disappointed in her hopes for a successful match. She was pretty much at the end of her resources. She had quarreled with her family. The war was on. Eligible men were either overseas or in some sort of Governmental service. She looked about and there was Bru. Life for him, for some reason, was a bit flat at that time. He was eager to be amused. He did not love her. He never loved her. From first to last it was simply infatuation. His best affections were always yours. But Desiree was amusing and infatuation—especially his money—were well worth the small price of scandal she might have to pay.

Well, I saw all this, and I talked with her, and while I was talking it came to me in a flash that there was but one thing which would make her willing to relinquish her hold on Bru, and that was the prospect of marriage with some other eligible, single man. Always, since boyhood, I had pledged my life to the accomplishment of your happiness. Under those circumstances, Dana, was there anything I could do, but that which I did do? I was soon to leave for France in a hazardous branch of the service. My chances for life were slim. What greater glory for me than to dedicate to you, in so odd a way, my remaining months of living?

I was well rewarded. Experience chastened Bru. He returned to you uplifted. I saw at once you were forever safe in his hands. There was peace in my heart when I left for France. There is peace in my heart now. My life has been wonderful to live because it has held love for you. My death will be wonderful, too. I shall go out breathing your name.



She Could See Gibson Supporting Bruce's Staggering Steps.

Befogging the Issue.

"YOUR constituents want an explanation of those latest remarks of yours," said the faithful secretary.

"Fix 'em up an explanation that they won't understand," replied Senator Sorghum; "then explain that in the same way, and keep on explaining. I don't believe in ever refusing my constituents anything."

A Gripping Tale That Shows the Battle Is Not Always to the Strong

The NERVE OF WOMAN

by RALPH-CUMMINS

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JUST as the first snowflakes of the long-threatened storm began to flutter down, Al Quigley heard the chugging of a motor far down the mountain road behind him. He halted and listened, the sullen, bitter-hard lines in his long, rugged face relaxing into a hopeful grin. With an easy confidence, he slipped his canvas-covered bed-roll from his shoulder, straightened his lanky form and reached for the makings.

"Say," he muttered, "if that means a ride to Bevis, I'm in luck, even if I didn't get a crack at that thief, Sam Burgie. I'll make it thru to the railroad tonight, and I'll leave this robber's hole, and I'll never come back, so help me!" Carrying his pack, he moved to the shelter of a roadside fir.

He was the typical young Westerner, tall, raw-boned and awkward. His clothes were much-worn odds and ends—corduroy trousers, mackinaw coat and high boots. A cap made from the crown of a gray Stetson, party covered a thatch of fiery red curls. A humorous twist to his big mouth gave him a boyish appearance, as did the crow's feet that puckered his keen blue eyes. There was only one discordant note about him; in the very depths of those bold blue eyes, there remained a peculiar eager gleam—just a hint of the consuming fires of a deadly hate.

The approaching automobile panted around the steep point below the fir thicket in which Quigley stood. As he picked up his pack and stepped to the side of the road, the young mountaineer sniffed at the reckless manner in which the driver was forcing the natty green roadster over the frozen ruts. When the car slowed beside him, his sharp eyes swept over it, coming to rest for an instant upon a large "B" upon the door.

"Ride?" came the invitation from the fur-coated driver.

"Huh!" Quigley laughed with a boyish chuckle that held a trace of scorn, "I might have known."

"Might have known what?"

"That only a woman would punish a car like that." He climbed in, smiling with good-natured banter into the level, half-angry eyes of the muffled young woman.

"Well, I like that! Evidently you think only men should drive cars hard."

"Oh, I don't know. I didn't think a woman 'ud have the nerve to tackle Scott Mountain grades with a snow storm coming up."

The girl kicked her brake viciously. "Well, you have a pretty opinion of women, haven't you?"

"Oh, don't get sore. I need this lift—bad. You're going thru to Bevis?"

"I hope so—if my gas holds out."

"There you go! That's the woman for you! Run out of gas in a bad storm, on a bad mountain road."

His teasing banter should have drawn a comradely laugh, but the girl replied with an angry glare.

"You are a strange animal, I must say! You might at least be grateful for the ride."

"I am, or rather I will be, if you get me out of here."

He chuckled at the violence with which she shifted her gear into second to take a steep rise. At the top she went into high and kicked the throttle wide open to make a run at the next pitch. But at the bottom the front wheels followed a turn-out rut. There was a plunging lurch and a heavy crash. One of the front wheels flattened into a mass of splintered spokes.

FOR half a minute they sat without speaking, dazed eyes staring thru the white screen of the falling snow. Then Quigley stepped slowly to the ground.

"Now you've done it! That's no way to prove a woman's nerve."

Her dark eyes flashed as she threw off the heavy robe and climbed out. She was so small that at first Quigley thought she must be a school girl. Then he looked at her round, olive-white face, framed in the red scarf tied over her ears, and he decided that she was a young woman—a rather good-looking one. That was quite an admission for Al Quigley.

"Huh!" he grunted, peering about thru the falling whiteness, "we get to no railroad today, that's sure. So you might as well kiss your little wagon good-by until spring."

"You mean this snow will close the road?"

"Sure will. It's open late this year—it's usually closed a month earlier than this."

"You seem to know this country?"

"I ought to—I spent most of my life in Scott Valley and in these hills—until a year ago. Well, this won't get us anywhere. We'll soon be buried if we don't make a move. There's an old cabin around here some place that I was figuring on camping in. Huh! It was a shame for you to work me all up about getting to the railroad tonight. You'll get your punishment tho—you'll have to camp out tonight. That'll test your nerve."

She stamped her little foot, her eyes snapping. "Will you stop that—please! I'm not a child. I've lived in the mountains all my life, and I rode some pretty bad horses before I drove a car."

"Oh, don't get excited," he retorted easily, as he unstrapped her suitcase from the gas tank. "We'll have to camp till the storm lets up, then we can hike down to the Trinity road and catch a stage. But it may snow for a week," he added maliciously.

As he pulled at the big robe his fingers encountered a small alligator hand bag. He thrust it into the pocket of his mackinaw and threw the robe over his shoulder. When he stepped back his eyes fell again upon the gold "B" upon the door of the car. Involuntarily he frowned at the initial, as if trying to piece out some illusive connection.

"Here's a fence," called the girl—"if that means anything."

"That's the place. It's only a little ways up to the cabin. It isn't much, but it's a shelter and there's a big fireplace. And if nobody stopped there last winter there's a dandy pile of wood in the shed. I hope it's there—I just hate to rustle wood."

The girl insisted on carrying part of the load, so Quigley tossed the robe into her arms. A ten minute walk thru the snow-covered chaparral took them to a squatty log cabin nearly hidden among the firs. A lean-to wood shed, built against one end of the cabin, served to protect the only entrance from the snow.

THE mountaineer led the way thru the shed to the single room of the cabin. There was a big stone fireplace in the farther end and a double tier of bunks on one side. A hewn-plank table, some puncheon stools and benches completed the furnishings.

"Here we are, lady," announced the guide. "Now for a fire."

He brought in dry wood and soon had a cheerful blaze crackling up the big chimney. The girl removed her fur coat and disclosed a slender form, very girlish in a short brown skirt and a close-fitting red sweater. Then she unwound the red scarf and revealed a little mink-skin cap perched upon coiled braids of crinkly brown hair.

"How about some supper?" Quigley suggested, after he had made a show of cleaning out the room.

"Oh! Do you really mean that you have something to eat?"

"Sure thing." He unrolled his pack. "Only a woman would travel in these mountains without being fixed."

She did not reply, but her dark eyes narrowed, and her firm lips pressed together. The harsh gloom that had lingered far back in the mountaineer's blue eyes seemed swept entirely away by some magic of the flickering camp fire. He whistled as he dug a small pail out of his grub sack and plowed thru the snow after water. Soon he had the coffee water boiling, and had pawed from his pack a loaf of bread, a can of salmon and a chunk of dried venison. After he had poured the black coffee into a tin cup for the girl, and into the empty salmon can for himself, he stood back and scratched his head.

"Now what was I going to do? Oh, yes—get water before dark."

He found a battered tin bucket in the shed and plunged into the storm. It was still snowing hard, with an occasional puff of icy wind that made him poke his hands into the pockets of his mackinaw. His fingers touched the alligator bag that he had carried from the automobile. It had come open and had spilled some letters and papers into his pocket. He drew out a handful of the jumbled papers with the intention of replacing them in the bag. But he glanced a little curiously at the old letter that lay on top.

He started and held it close to his eyes. With his heart racing, and with his breath coming in wheezy gasps, he looked at the next. With nervous haste he shuffled the letters thru his fingers. They were all addressed to Mrs. Sam Burgie.

For a long moment he stared up at the cabin, while the falling snow whitened his red hair. The humorous twist of his big mouth dissolved into a hard, straight line. His boyish blue eyes narrowed to horizontal cracks. He stiffened with a jerk and laughed into the drifting snow with a blood-chilling cackle.

"WHAT luck!" he muttered, deep lines cutting into his determined features. "Sam Burgie's wife! A little chit in furs driving a fine car while my old partner's kids maybe are starving and freezing. And me just dying to choke the life out of Sam Burgie. Lord, what luck!"

A wave of hate-inspired rage seemed to sweep away all reason. He crushed the handful of letters in his hand and stumbled into the cabin. With a wolfish snarl he slammed the letters and the bag upon the table before the girl.

"There you are! Awful careful not to introduce yourself, wasn't you? Ashamed of being Sam Burgie's wife, maybe! Well, by the eternal, I'll get even with that damn skunk now!"

The girl's face went white and her eyes widened with startled surprise. "Why—you—you——"

"There you go! That's a woman for you! Starting in to beg already." He leaned upon the table and menaced her with his wild eyes. "Well, whining won't help you, Mrs. Sam Burgie. Your crook husband busted me—beat me out of five years' hard work, and I swore I'd get even. I couldn't find him down at the mine today, but I've got you. He'll remember breaking me—when I get thru with you!"

Two spots of red flamed into the girl's cheeks. "You brute!" she cried.

"Ho! ho!" jeered Quigley, all reason dashed aside by his long-cherished hate. "All busted up, are you? There's a woman's nerve!"

For an instant she glared at him, then a little crease appeared between her brows, and her eyes half closed as with a racing thought. She fingered the letters curiously.

Quigley leered down at her. "And there's Burgie's initial on the car, too. I oughta guessed from that 'B,' but I didn't."

She nodded. Her face was calm with a gambler's total lack of expression, but her hands were tightly clinched under the table.

"Just what do you intend to do with me?"

For an instant Quigley hesitated, and his eyes roamed uneasily.

"You know all right."

"I'm sure I don't—tell me."

"Why—you—you're alone with me—twenty miles from anybody—and snowed in. And I'm going to use you to get square with the cuss that ruined me."

The girl regarded him with cool appraisal. "My, what a brute you must be. You don't look like the kind of a man who would take advantage of a helpless woman."

"Oh, I'm not in the habit of doing things like that." Quigley moved uncomfortably and moistened his lips with his tongue, but there was no relenting in his reckless eyes. "Any other woman would be perfectly safe with me. It's just because you're Burgie's wife—I'd go to h—l in a minute to get even with Sam Burgie."

"Oh—just because I'm Burgie's wife, is it? If I was any one else then, I'd be safe, would I?"

"You sure would. I haven't anything against women in general, except that what I've seen of them, they're a rather spineless lot."

A baffling look came into the girl's eyes—the gambling expression of a fighting woman driven beyond the limit. Just a hint of a cold, calculating smile flashed across her face.

"Your coffee is getting cold," she said quietly.

Quigley shot at her a quick, frowning glance. "Going to try to steer me off? Well, it won't go!"

"One might think you were a real villain, if it wasn't for the wrinkles around your eyes. You couldn't be a sure-enough bad man with all those funny little crinklets." She giggled and sipped her coffee.

Quigley glared. "That won't work either. You can't bluff me."

"My, but you are determined." With her elbows upon the table, and her chin upon her hands, she smiled brightly. "However, when it's all over you'll be ready to admit one thing."

"What's that?"

"That women have more nerve than men."

He snorted, then surveyed her with a puzzled frown, while his big hands fumbled awkwardly with his salmon can of coffee. At last his face lighted. "Aw, you're bluffing. That's not nerve. You're figuring on making a play for my sympathies. Well, there's nothing to that—you just hadn't oughta married a rotten crook."

"All right—when it's all over you'll

see that you were mistaken."

"What are you going to spring on me then?"

"Nothing—but you'll discover something afterward—that will change your ideas about women."

He received that with an unbelieving sniff.

"However," the girl went on calmly, "I'm willing to tell you what will happen if you persist. I'll fight until your brute strength overpowers me. Then, if you leave me alive, I shall kill you at the first opportunity—then kill myself."

Quigley tried to laugh, but he could only gurgle, and stare into the girl's smiling face with a sickly grin. He got up mechanically and poked the fire. Then he walked to the door and looked out at the pile of snow that the rising wind had drifted into the shed.

"Huh!" he grunted, as he turned back. She's bluffing—but it must take some nerve to bluff like that—some nerve!"

HE STOLE curious, perplexed glances at her as he shook out his blanket and tossed it upon the bench before the bunks. The girl paid no particular attention to him. Humming under her breath, she carried the remains of their meal to a shelf under the window. Suddenly she exclaimed with childlike delight, and held up a cribbage board and a deck of cards.

"At any rate we can pass the evening," she rippled joyously. "Surely you can play crib."

"Ye-es"—uncertainly.

She noted his hesitation with an arch smile. "We must pass a stormbound evening—anyway. Come—I'm not asking you to stake your revenge on the game."

He glanced at her doubtfully, then hunted up another piece of candle and joined her at the table.

"I never found but one crib player that could beat me," he said with an effort. "That was an old partner of mine."

"And I only know of one who can beat me," she continued, "so we're evenly matched."

As they played, the girl chattered with natural ease, and only Quigley's nervous twitching betrayed the tenseness of the situation.

The girl won the first game. "If you'd wake up," she advised him soberly, "you'd do lots better. The fifteen-two and a run of three that you overlooked in the hand before that, lost you the game. You can't expect me to count your hand, too; now can you?"

Quigley glared at his cards and refused to be drawn into her bantering discussions. A sudden gust of wind rattled a loose shake. The girl jumped, and the mountaineer raised his head to listen. Then he got up and opened the door. A flurry of snow swept in.

"It's done snowing," he said, a little anxiously, "but it's sure blowing."

They continued to play, the girl talking and laughing in the carefree manner with which she might have played with her husband in her own parlor. Quigley became more quiet, and the querulous, worried frown grew deeper. Several times the girl called his attention to serious mistakes. Finally she tapped him playfully upon the hand with her cards.

"Here!" she laughed. "Count the rest of that hand. My, but you are absentminded. It surely can't be that you're letting the little matter of your revenge on Sam Burgie interfere with your playing."

"Oh, hell!" He threw down his cards. "You're the limit!" He peered into her laughing eyes, heavy, anxious eyes wiping the hardness from his face. "Honest—aren't you really afraid?"

"No!" She sobered to meet his seriousness. "I'm not afraid. I was raised in the mountains, in one of the roughest of mining camps, and I've an idea I've met lots worse men than you are. No, I'm not afraid of you. You have too much yet to learn about women."

QUIGLEY walked to the fire and stood for a long time looking down into the flames. The blue eyes that had glared with hate blinked with defeat. His long face appeared old and drawn. His big shoulders drooped wearily. At last he shuffled to the door, looked out into the darkness, and returned slowly to the table.

"The storm is over," he announced in a dull tone. "In the morning I'll take you down a cut-off trail to the Trinity stage road. It isn't far, but the stage passes at 9, so we'll have to get an early start. We better turn in."

The girl rose at his suggestion, throwing a sharp glance at him from her narrowed eyes. With her white lower lip trembling just a little, she spread her robe in the lower bunk, sat upon the bench and removed her shoes. Without the least hesitation she crawled into the bunk.

"I'm awfully sleepy," she sighed. Good night."

"Good night. If you get cold just speak, and I'll fix the fire."

He carried in a supply of wood from the shed and piled it beside the fireplace. Then he took off his heavy boots and climbed into the upper bunk. From a hasty glance at the girl in passing he saw that she was already asleep.

Quigley's mind was in no condition for easy sleep, so he spent the night in dozing dreams. Driven by his restlessness, he rose long before daylight. He had just started a fire when the girl joined him.

"Good morning," she greeted him pleasantly. "My, I had a grand sleep. Did you?"

"Not very. I was afraid the wind would come up again."

"Why did that worry you?"

"It might have blown a tree on the cabin."

Her eyes shot to his face, and she caught her lower lip between her teeth.

"That—that might have been unpleasant," she murmured.

"Worse than that. My old partner and I had an experience of that sort. We were working in the blacksmith shop at the mine and a limb smashed us."

The girl's eyes grew large and filmy. She moistened her white lips, and clinched her hands together.

"Were either of you hurt?" she managed to ask.

"No, we got out all right, but we lost the shop—it caught fire from the forge."

The girl relaxed with a fluttering sigh, but her shining eyes still clung to the mountaineer's face. "Won't you tell me—about your trouble—with—with—Mr. Burgie?"

He was silent a long time. "You mean to say you never heard about that?"

"Yes—I—I heard about it—but won't you tell me—and about yourself?"

"Well, to any one that believes in luck, I'm a terrible example. Till last year everything was fine. I went to High School and to the School of Mines, then I worked steady and saved my money. I got hold of a dandy little stringer and built a two-stamp mill. A couple of years ago I took in a partner—old Bill Howard, from Colorado. We made things hum—started in to make our little mine the best in the hills." He paused, and the girl's excited eyes darted from his face in a strange panic.

"But things went too smooth. Old Bill Howard was a prince and a cracking crib player, and we got on fine together. But last year this damn—beg pardon—your husband came in and beat us out of everything we had by working a new racket in a corporation freeze-out game. After we were stung we found that your—that Burgie—had worked the same crooked game before—lots of times.

"I guess Bill and I were too dazed to be fighting mad just at first. I didn't feel so bad for myself, but I knew it hit old Bill hard—he was old and had a family back in Colorado. He went back home and I beat it down on Snake River and placered all summer. But the more I thought about how we'd been robbed the madder I got. At last I couldn't stand it any longer. I hiked all the way back here to make Burgie dig up something for Bill and me—I was going to kill him if he didn't."

There was an inquiring pucker on the girl's forehead.

"You—you didn't find him?"

"No—our old cabin was locked up and deserted. Where is he—gone out for the winter?" He hardly noticed her hesitating nod. "I came mighty near going over the point to the mill and burning up the whole shebang."

There Was a Plunging Lurch and a Heavy Crash. One of the Front Wheels Flattened Into a Mess of Splintered Spokes.

THE girl danced to her feet. "My, but I'm hungry. Isn't there a little something left to eat?"

She set the table for their breakfast. As her eyes fell upon the handbag still lying upon the window shelf, she started with a mischievous glance at the silent Quigley, busy toasting bread. She found a pencil and split open an old envelope. Then, with her back to her companion, she scribbled upon the paper and slipped it under the cribbage board.

Turning again to Quigley, she stopped abruptly, and her breath came with a fluttering gasp. She was staring at the back of the mountaineer's neck where a red scar cut a great hole in his hair and disappeared below his shirt collar. The girl closed her eyes tightly and caught her hand across her lips.

"We better hurry," suggested Quigley. "It's after seven and it's going to be hard hiking until we get below the snow."

After they had eaten their breakfast of toast and coffee, Quigley made a pack of the girl's suitcase and fur coat.

"I'm coming back anyway," he said, when she called his attention to his own pack. "I'm going to tear some boards off the shed and cover your car."

She darted a shy glance at him and a warm color flamed into her face. "That's very kind of you. I feel awfully bad about my car." She replaced the cribbage board over the note she had been fumbling in her fingers.

As Quigley shouldered the pack, he looked down at her. "I—I won't say I'm sorry—about last night—but I was all wrong. I never though much about any one woman before—but when I saw you laughing—and—and I knew that you were going on your nerve—I went all to pieces."

"Never mind," she smiled up at his troubled face, "it's nothing to worry over. If you'd told me your story last night—if I'd known you were Al Quigley—why—it wouldn't have really been a test of my nerve. But I'm glad now that I didn't know, and I'm awfully glad I met you—I haven't seen many of the real human kind of men."

An hour later, as they stood in the Trinity road and listened to the rapidly approaching motor stage, the girl held out her hand.

"Good-by, Mr. Quigley. I—I hope to see you again some time. Good-by—and there's note for you under the crib board."

AL QUIGLEY hurried back to the cabin. Rather curiously he removed the cribbage board, picked up the note, and read:

Dear Mr. Bad Man:

If you hadn't rubbed it in about a woman's nerve, I'd have explained that I found Mrs. Burgie's bag in the old cabin at the mine, and that the B is my own initial, put on the door by the aunt who gave me the car. Also, I would have told you that Sam Burgie is in the penitentiary, and that Bill Howard is running the Howard-Quigley Mine—when he isn't directing an army of detectives that is hunting for his partner—a young fellow that old Bill loves more than he does his own kid.

By the way, I've heard him tell a story about a tree falling on a blacksmith shop. It can't be the same story, tho, for when he tells it his voice gets all jerky, and he has to cough and blow his nose. And I cry, too, when he tells it, for, you see, his partner saved old Bill's life by holding up the roof until help came. And all the while he was lifting and straining under that awful weight—the live coals from the wrecked forge were spilling down his neck. I take off my hat to that kind of nerve. It makes a little thing like letting you think I was Mrs. Burgie look rather silly. Anyway, I'd rather hero-worshiping Bill Howard didn't know that I once posed as a lady of nerve. You won't tell him, will you?

So long, and don't work too hard.

BESS HOWARD.

P. S.—I'll see you at Christmas time. Mother and I are wintering in Bevis, you know, and we're going to have a big family spread Christmas. Oh, yes, you'll find father in the new cabin up at the mill.

A New Story by a New Author.

OUT of the hinterland of Africa came Paul Brewster to track down the man who had foully murdered his friend Blanchard, and after leaving Brewster for dead, had disappeared with all of his worldly goods. Starved, gaunt, with the ever-burning desire to wreak his vengeance on his enemy, and with no means of accomplishing his end, Brewster sat on the quay at St. Paul de Loanda. Despair had thrown its mantle about him. Yet at the darkest hour—the hour which is said to precede the dawn—Brewster was given a chance to take up the thread of his search once more.

ROBERT ROY RIDDELL tells it all graphically in a new five-part story beginning in the Ledger for May 17. Mr. Riddell was in the service of the English and Scotch armies and the U. S. Navy during the World War and traveled over most of England during the period of his army service. He knows English country life thoroly, a fact of which you will be convinced when reading his serial, "THE TRAIL OF VENGEANCE," beginning in the Ledger for May 17. Don't fail to order your copy of the Ledger now.

A Great Difference.

A NOTED physician, particularly expeditious in examining and prescribfor his patients, was sought out by an army man whom he "polished off" in almost less than no time. As the patient was leaving, he shook hands heartily with the doctor and said to him:

"I am especially glad to have met you, as I have often heard my father, Colonel Blank, speak of you."

"What!" exclaimed the physician, "are you old Tom's son?"

"Certainly."

"My dear fellow," cried the doctor, "fling that infernal prescription in the fire and sit down and tell me what is the matter with you."

Suspicious.

A MOTORIST had been haled into court, and when his name was called the judge asked what the cnarges were against the prisoner.

"Suspicious actions, your Honor," answered the policeman who had made the arrest.

"Suspicious actions?" queried his Honor. "What was he doing that seemed suspicious?"

"Well," replied the officer, "he was running within the speed limit, sounding his horn properly, and trying to keep on the right side of the street, so I arrested him."

Continuing a Four Part Story of Baseball, Adventure and Love--Part 2

THE DOUBLE SQUEEZE

By Henry Beach Needham

Read This First

BARNEY LARKIN, an erratic pitcher with an unquenchable thirst, becomes a member of the Giant-killers, when the team loses its most reliable pitcher for the season thru sickness.

TRIS FORD, their manager, knowing Barney's uncertain qualities, consults with

WIN SHUTE, crack second baseman and general advisory board to the team, and together they decide that Barney Larkin needs a watcher to keep him straight and head the team for a pennant.

EARNEST STEADMAN is picked for the job unknown to Barney, and manages to keep Barney tolerably straight. At the end of the season, when the Giant-killers win the pennant and expect to play for the World's Championship, Tris Ford learns that the betting is against his team. A newspaper editor informs him that

JAKE STINGER, a professional gambler, is behind the move. Ford believes that Stinger is planning to kidnap Larkin. He sets a detective on the trail of Larkin and his watcher to keep them safe. However, on the opening day of the series, Win Shute disappears, and the game is disrupted.

This story began in No. 18, The Ledger for May 3. Back copies may be obtained thru our agents, newsdealers or from office of publication.

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PART II—AT SEA.

AN UNSHAVEN, disheveled young man, hatless but otherwise completely dressed down to his shoes, turned over on the bed, opened his sticky eyes, then closed and dug his fists into them to dissipate the heaviness of the lids. He tried vainly to moisten his parched lips with his swollen tongue.

His nose itched tormentingly, and he rubbed it vigorously with the back of his hand.

As consciousness returned, haltingly and with brief lapses into stupor, his brain and the senses of taste, smell, and sight began to correlate, slowly but accurately—due to the native resilience of an unabused constitution.

A peculiar taste in his mouth he couldn't label. To one whose lips had never "known the taste of liquor" it was indescribable—indescribably bad, nauseating.

But the smell that rose from 'some part of his clothing he recognized. It was the repellent odor that exuded from a saloon when the rubber-tired doors swung open. It was stale liquor! And it had been spilled on his clothes. Following this loathsome discovery, he raised his hand toward his nose and again he was startled to get another whiff of stale liquor. A shudder of disgust passed thru him. He now took a second invoice of the taste in his mouth and classified it as "dark brown." But not yet could he bring his logy mentality to take up the trail from effect back to cause.

His bed next attracted his attention. It was narrow—much like a shelf with a wooden side to prevent one's falling out. Looking up, he saw above him what, judging from the woven-wire springs, was another narrow bed. The furnishings of the apartment or cell, whatever it was, all tethered to something permanent, were at first unfamiliar to him. It was the aperture admitting the light that helped him to fix the room and its location. This round opening to the outside world was a bull's-eye of thick glass. And as he stared thru the circular window on to grayness—nothing more—there came a loud thump, instantly followed by a stinging sound, as if minute pebbles had been thrown against the glass fiercely. Then water ran off, leaving the bull's-eye flecked with drops.

His mind bridged the gap between present predicament and past experience. He recalled the Giant-killers' trip to Cuba after they had worsted the Cubs—the days on the high and low seas. He knew now. He was aboard ship!

Secure in this conclusion, he brought himself to a sitting posture on the edge of the berth. In an upright position he found that he was inclined to dizziness. But he fought it off, got to his feet, and, letting down the washbasin, soused his head in cold water—all the water the tank contained. This revived him wonderfully.

He looked about the stateroom more carefully. There was a suitcase of real leather on the bunk under the porthole. He was positive that he had never seen it before. Turning it round, he found on the end, in black lettering, the inscription:

S. W. JAMES
New York

"S.-W.-J-a-m-e-s?" he questioned. He recalled all the Jameses he had ever heard of—there weren't many—from "Cyclone," the Yankee pitcher, who had struck him out twice in one game, to Jesse and Henry—train robber and author respectively. There was no "S. W." in the list.

Mechanically he tried the bag to see if it was locked. It opened, displaying a complete assortment of linen and underclothing. There were shirts, collars, handkerchiefs, stockings, brush and comb—everything necessary, with the suit he had on, to enable him to make a respectable appearance. The things had been carefully selected and they were all new. But there wasn't a scrap of writing to identify their owner.

This turned his attention to his own means of identification. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out four envelopes. Three of them were addressed to S. W. James, Hotel Longacre, New York City. Two of the envelopes contained bills—one an "account rendered" from a liquor dealer for $67.25; the other a bill for cigars and cigarettes amounting to $23.50. The third was a letter from the steamship agents of the Hambard Line, reading:

> Dear Sir: We have booked you for passage from New York to Naples on the S. S. Colonia, sailing from pier foot of West Thirteenth Street, N. R. We have assigned to you Cabin C 39, on the salon deck, and have arranged that you are to have it entirely to yourself.
>
> We beg to call your attention to the fact that, owing to the tide on the day of departure, the Colonia will sail at one o'clock in the morning, October 7.

The fourth envelope inclosed a ticket calling for one first-class passage, New York to Naples, on the steamship Colonia, and made to S. W. James. There was nothing else in the pockets of his coat.

His gold watch was ticking in the pocket of his vest. Attached to it was a narrow black silk ribbon—the useful portion of a watch fob. But the ornamental part of the fob—the solid gold baseball, surmounted by two tiny crossed bats of platinum, emblematic of the World's championship—that was missing.

Robbed! was his first thought, and he searched in his trousers pocket for the cash which he had with him—less than ten dollars. He found many yellow-backed bills. Five hundred dollars!

In any sudden lapse into unconsciousness the first faculty to give way is the memory—that is, the mental process of storing facts and impressions ceases. So, also, in returning consciousness the memory has a trick oftentimes of beginning where it left off or of seizing upon some one thing in particular to locate its bearings. The sight of the five hundred dollars immediately brought to mind what had happened before the long, dreamless sleep just ended on the ship. This money or five hundred dollars just like it—was lying on a table in a suite of rooms in the Belmont-Stratworth Hotel. He was about to come into possession of it—all for signing a contract to report the World Series on behalf of the Transcontinental Newspaper Syndicate, Metropolitan Tower, New York City.

Win Shute Avoided the First and, Catching the Gambler Off His Balance, Floored Him With a Pretty Uppercut.

HE SAT down again upon the berth to puzzle it out, beginning with the letter from the syndicate—it was on engraved stationery, he remembered. The secretary, Walter Noble, gave him as references three well-known New Yorkers. But the letter had come, special delivery, on Sunday—the day after the championship was cinched—and reply was requested by telegraph on Monday. Anyhow, what need was there of references, he had argued, when he couldn't lose! For he was to receive five hundred dollars on the signing of the contract and two hundred dollars every day he turned in a story. No, he couldn't lose, and he could make thirteen hundred dollars at least—nineteen hundred dollars at most. Yes, he had looked upon it as "very easy" money and had kept his own counsel, not even confiding in Tris Ford, because of the reports in the newspapers that the National Commission was to prohibit the players from writing for the papers; certainly all those who hadn't contracts.

There was a day's delay in Noble's coming over, he recalled. The secretary of the Transcontinental Syndicate had come—he rubbed his head in bewilderment. When was it? How long had he slept? Yesterday—it must have happened yesterday—last night!

He remembered that he had gone to the Belmont-Stratworth, and the clerk at the desk knew him—had seen him play. He could repeat his words: "Mr. Noble is expecting you—go right up to Suite 1142." He had gone up, had been admitted to the parlor of a suite, and had met a nice young fellow, obviously a gentleman, who greeted him cordially. This Mr. Noble not only knew baseball and ball players, but they had friends in common. So they had enjoyed a very nice chat—all before the contract was produced.

The contract—it had the name of the Transcontinental Newspaper Syndicate printed in, he was sure. He had read it very carefully, and the terms were precisely what had been offered him. While he was reading it, he remembered, Mr. Noble had taken from his bill case without any flourish five hundred dollars. He could remember seeing the money lying on the table, the bills folded over once.

The bills in his hand now were folded once!

But something was going wrong with his memory. It had been spinning the tale of events without effort, but suddenly it had begun to flag. He had to prod it. What was it Mr. Noble had said? Oh, yes—"I'm going to have a drink. What'll you have?" He had declined, of course, because he didn't drink. And then? Mr. Noble had said, walking over to the telephone: "Wise man—wish I didn't," and had added: "I'll order you a soft drink."

The drink—what was it? For some reason he was very uncertain on that score. Slowly he began to form a mental image of it—a brown bottle—it was in a silver holder, because the bottom was round. Of course—ginger ale!—it came in such bottles. He remembered, too, it was imported ginger ale, not so sweet as American. Yes, the first taste had been almost bitter. And then?

Blackness! He could recall nothing, try his best, until he woke up on the ship.

It didn't accord with any experience he knew at all well—of course not with any he had ever gone thru himself. He couldn't believe that he had taken an alcoholic drink by mistake unless it had been very thoroly disguised. The odor from his clothes tended to prove that he had, but his reason told him otherwise. Nothing remained, therefore, but to conclude that he had been given a knockout!

As the only bit of documentary evidence in his possession, the letter from the steamship company seemed to impel his attention. He read it over again, and the last sentence, in its full significance, made him start:

"The Colonia will sail at one o'clock in the morning, October 7."

October 7! There was a feeling of depression at the pit of his stomach. It was not due to sea-sickness. The heartbreaking realization of his situation had come at last. With the Giant-killers fighting for the victory that meant everything to players, manager, and club owners, the team's second baseman, regarded by many as "the king-pin of the defense, the leader of the offense," was far from the scene of combat, probably bound for Naples! Even tho there certainly had been no malice pretense on his part, he was a deserter,

nothing better, for the World Series was to start this day!

He looked at his watch. Twelve o'clock, noon! In thirty minutes the team, every man of the squad, was expected to report at the ball park. In thirty minutes! Where was he now? James Winton Shute rang the bell to find out.

The steward came promptly, a smile that was both knowing and respectful upon his face. He spoke with marked cordiality.

"Mr. James—good morning, sir. 'Ope you are feeling better, sir."

"My name is Shute—good morning."

"Mr. Shute—very well, sir." The steward puckered his lips.

"Where are we now?"

"About one hundred and fifty miles out, sir."

"Out?—you mean from land?"

"From New York, sir."

"I've got to get off! Where's the captain? He'll have to stop the boat!"

The steward placed a soothing hand upon the passenger's shoulder. "I'd lie down if I were you, sir, and rest a little more—get your sea legs on, Mr. James."

Without taking notice of the persistent error in nomenclature, Win Shute announced: "I'm going to see the captain. Where is he?"

"On the bridge, sir."

"Take me to him!" His inflection compelled obedience.

ONCE in a championship game Win Shute had worked the pitcher for a free pass in first, had stolen second and then third, and when the pitcher was winding up had raced home, hooking his leg over the plate and eluding the catcher who tried to put the ball on him. This is the only explanation that can be offered why and how "Mr. S. W. James" succeeded in getting to the captain on the bridge. The governor-general of the ship was so surprised that he didn't ask the determined-looking young man how he had managed it. "Captain, my name is Shute—mostly called Win Shute."

The captain nodded, but without a glimmer of understanding.

"You've probably heard of the World Series—championship of the big leagues?"

"American baseball?"

"Yes—games to decide the best ball team in the world," explained Win eagerly.

"What of it?" was the captain's rejoinder.

"This," said Shute, pausing for emphasis: "I'm the second baseman, heavy hitter, and leading base runner on one of the teams—the Giant-killers, folks call us."

"What of that?" varied the captain. His tone was not unkind, but he showed a wretched lack of interest.

"First game's today—in two hours."

"I take it you are not going to play." There was amusement in the captain's eyes.

The captain looked at him searchingly, shook his head, turned his eyes to the sea.

"Captain, you don't appreciate what this means—not to me alone, but to our club and to the fans of our city. Why, it's the biggest event of the year. I got to be there."

There was another scrutinizing look from the master of the vessel, who said nothing.

"How can I get you to stop the ship?"

The captain smiled. "If you pressed me for an answer, I should have to say that you couldn't get me to stop the ship."

"For whom would you stop her?"

"The officers of the line," replied the captain smiling amiably.

"Very well, then," said Win quietly, "you'll get orders from the Hambard Line to stop her. See you later, Captain."

The steward, in the expectant attitude of a curious person anticipating trouble, was surprised when "Mr. James," who wanted to be called Mr. Shute, returned from his encounter with the captain in perfect composure, tho a trifle hurried. He plucked the steward by the arm, and again spoke authoritatively:

"Now take me to the wireless operator—and what's his name?"

"Mr. Mansel—Jerrold Mansel. You may 'ave 'eard of 'im, sir."

"Mansel? Not Jed Mansel, the man who saved the steamship Regent?"

"Yes, sir, the hoperator who saved the Regent. 'E's not the regular 'wireless' on this ship—our regular's sick, and Mansel is making the voyage for 'im, sir."

The quarters of the wireless operator were temporarily unoccupied, however. The "Hero of the Regent" was not at his post of duty.

"'E might be at luncheon, sir, or shaving for luncheon," volunteered the steward; "or 'e might be taking 'is exercise."

"We've got to find him quick," insisted Shute.

They didn't. It was after much searching that they came upon the operator.

Jed Mansel was seated in an inconspicuous corner of the library, engaged in what seemed to be an intimate conversation with an uncommonly pretty girl. After pointing him out, the steward made a hasty retreat. Win Shute didn't lose a moment's time.

"Pardon me for butting in—but are you the wireless operator of the ship?"

Mansel scowled and nodded impatiently.

"I want to send a message, please."

"I'll be in my room on the boat deck in about fifteen minutes." And Jed Mansel turned to the pretty girl.

"Fifteen minutes won't do," said Shute positively. "I must get it right off—it's very important."

Mansel was inclined to put up an argument, but a certain look in the eye of James Winton Shute—that or something else—caused him to think better of it.

"An S. O. S. from duty, Miss Riley. May I hope to see you after luncheon?"

"You may hope," she replied half jestingly, and turned to select a book.

Jed Mansel laid the course, but Win Shute set the pace.

This was the wireless message which was given to the operator of the steamship Colonia to transmit to the nearest station in the United States:

Tris Ford, Philadelphia:
Was probably drugged last night and carried aboard steamship Colonia, Hambard Line. We are one hundred and fifty miles out New York, bound Naples. Have officers line wireless captain to stop ship and you send fast boat for me. Well and able to play. SHUTE.

"How long will it take you to get that off?" inquired Win.

"Can't say—no telling how long it'll take to raise 'em."

"I'll wait," said Shute.

"Hope you don't expect to land in time for today's game?" joked Jed Mansel.

Win Shute didn't smile. He came back strong: "You speed up that machine so there'll be no delay starting that relief ship. Today won't decide the series. There's a ball game tomorrow—just as important."

It was an hour before the wireless operator reported that the message had been transmitted to the shore. He then announced that he was going to lunch.

"But how about the reply? Who'll be here to receive it?"

"It'll be two hours at least before we get an answer," said Mansel. "If you'll pardon me, you'd better get something to eat, too. You can't play ball on an empty stomach, you know," he added jestingly.

An hour later Jed Mansel returned and found the persistent passenger waiting at his cabin door. Slowly a half-hour passed.

"Can't you raise 'em?" asked Win impatiently.

"Here comes something," said the operator encouragingly. After much clicking, Mansel shook his head. "Sorry, but it's not for you."

"I've Got to Get Off! Where's the Captain? He'll Have to Stop the Boat!"

He was an endlessly long time receiving and transcribing the message. Then he summoned a deck steward and told him to find Miss Riley and give her the Marconigram.

"Repeat my message," ordered Shute, "word for word. Here's for both." He paid the operator with a yellow-backed bill.

Four times that afternoon the wireless operator repeated at twenty-five cents a word, including the address and signature, the message to Tris Ford. But there was no reply. Win was getting desperate, and showed it, when the operator remarked:

"Here's something—mebbe this is it."

Win braced up. But after a bit of the metallic chattering, Mansel again shook his head. "Not for you—for the captain."

"For the captain?" Win's tone was eager. "That's the stuff!" He was thinking of orders from the officers of the line.

The operator transcribed the message, put it in an envelope, and went off to deliver it himself. When he came back he confided the information: "I'm going to send a message from the captain—about you." That was all, but it raised the wavering spirits of the young man who would not leave the upper deck.

There was another tedious delay. Finally, along about five o'clock, there were the auditory evidences of the approach of a winged message. Then further delay while the wireless operator played his important part in the space-conquering trick.

"Sorry, but it's not for you. For the captain again," he volunteered.

"Might be just as good," said Win, "perhaps better."

The operator didn't reply. He went away to deliver the message and was gone "ages." Returning, he informed the "good waiter" that the captain would like to see him.

Win Shute was off to the bridge as he might have started for second. High ran his hopes. He could almost feel the ship slowing down!

The captain invited him into the chart room and closed the door. Without a word he handed him a Marconigram, which ran:

Captain, S. S. "Colonia":
Must be some mistake. Our player Shute here in game today.
TRIS FORD.

After reading it over a second time to make sure, the captain's visitor, shaking his head doggedly, spoke in no uncertain voice:

"The mistake is in this message. Tris Ford never sent it."

"Why not?" asked the captain indulgently.

"Why not? It shows on its face why not. It says I was in the game today. And I'm on this ship!"

"Sit down," said the captain, who paused until his invitation had been accepted. "Mr. James——"

"My name isn't James—it's Shute."

"Well, then, Mr. Shute, if you prefer it," said the captain, wishing to humor his guest, "I have made a careful inquiry about you. Your room steward reports, and the quartermaster on duty at the gangway confirms it, that you came aboard intoxicated—I may say, were brought aboard drunk."

"It's a lie! Was never drunk in my life—never took a drop of liquor in my life. What happened, I was given a knockout!—brought aboard drugged."

The captain appeared puzzled, then continued: "I hardly think so, Mr. James——"

"Shute!"

"—Mr. Shute. The ship's doctor examined you, at the request of your friends, after you were assisted aboard. He reports that he found you in an advanced state of intoxication. Your friends said that you had been celebrating unwisely before sailing."

"I tell you it's a lie!"

"Mr. Shute, if you are not inclined to take my view of this unfortunate circumstance, you will have to be sent where you will be looked after. Not infrequently, I regret to say, young, full-blooded fellows like yourself, and occasionally older birds, come aboard with so much extra baggage that a good night's rest does not set them up. They have what is popularly called a 'hangover.' Sometimes they are quarrelsome, sometimes—out of their heads. Once in a while a fellow comes powerful near having the d. t.'s. But the steward in charge of the hospital knows how to take care of them—he's an old hand at it. You will find him quite capable, I assure you."

"Me? What d'you mean?"

"I mean that if you don't stop your nonsense and behave yourself, I will order you to the hospital. Good morning."

WIN SHUTE has never been put out of a game in his life. He eyed the "umpire" of the high seas critically and turned to go. But, like the average ball player, he couldn't leave the "field" without the last word.

"Captain, you've got me—I acknowledge that. And I'm not going to make any trouble for you—not while you're managing the ship. But once we strike dry land I promise you I'll start a brand of trouble that will bring up on this boat. I've been drugged—I repeat it. And there's been the dirtiest kind of a frame-up against me. What's more, that message you hold in your hand is a pure fake. Either the man who sent it or the man who received it is a crook—take your choice!"

Before the captain of the Colonia could reply, S. W. James, or, as he demanded to be called, J. W. Shute, was gone.

Quick thinking was a portion of his business in life. In less than the distance from home to first base he had definitely outlined his plan of action. Of course he would give the head man of the ship no cause to resort to war measures; that would be silly—worse than kicking yourself out of a big game which you might help to win. No, sir-ee! He would stand for "James"—he would be S. W. James. Quietly, but none the less decisively, he would devote himself to an unemotional consideration of his highly exasperating plight. He would see if past devotion to the stories of the Great Detective had taught him anything worth while regarding inferences and deductions from a limited array of facts. For the next nine days, or until the ship touched at Gibraltar, he would do nothing else!

On land James Winton Shute would have kept steadfastly to his resolve. The lure of Chestnut street at the shopping hour on a bright morning would not have deflected him from his charted course. But he was to find it different on shipboard. He was to discover something that jars one loose and cuts one off completely from ordinary life. The great white trail which fetches up at the stern of the ship leads away from everyday existence, lengthening the space back to the confines of duty and custom and habit as one nautical mile is tossed high on another.

FOR the first time in Win Shute's experience the pleasing shape of a girl bending to the wind, skirts taut like a sail close-hauled, tousled wavy brown hair brushing her animated face, Irish blue eyes bright and beaming, cheeks aglow with the delight of living, suddenly swept into his ken, and away went the restrains of an orderly, carefully planned scheme of life.

"Gee, what a swell girl!" he muttered. Then: "Why's she with that crook?"

It was Miss Riley, and she was attended by Jerrold Mansel, the wireless operator. More to the point, they were having a jolly time together.

Miss Riley and her mother, Mrs. Daniel Riley, occupied Suite A 9 and 15 on

(Continued on Page 16.)

Concluding a Thrilling Story of the Greatest Menace in the World Today

By Law of Tooth and Talon

By Marvin Moore

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

A Review of the Story

BIG LOUIE VOGEL, crook and gangster, after a meeting with Lebrune, the Bolshevist "higher up," promises to kidnap Judge Graham, in whose court a group of "Red" conspirators are about to meet their fate. He accomplishes his purpose and disappears. In the meantime, "Red Stell," a girl whom he saved from starvation, calls up "Silver Danny's" saloon to find out what has become of Louie. Charlton, a Government agent in the place, hears the conversation and connects the incident with the visit of the notorious Lebrune to the saloon and the disappearance of the Judge. He visits Stell to find out what she knows about Vogel, but learns nothing. As he leaves, Lebrune comes up the hall and forces his way into Stell's room. From their conversation he learns that Stell has been admitted to the Inner Circle. The girl struggles with him and at that moment Vogel returns and forcibly ejects Lebrune, who goes away thirsting for revenge. Vogel and the girl decide to run away and hide from the law. They first go to the shack where the Judge is kept and warn their comrades. Vogel forces Lebrune, who has followed, to go away. They take the Judge with them in their machine. Charlton goes to Stella's room and discovers a note directing her to go to the book store. He takes her place and is admitted as a messenger to the Inner Council, discovering their plans. Lebrune also gives him information about Neilson, whose trial is pending, and a million and a quarter dollars of Bolshevist funds. He and Lebrune go to the deserted cabin. Charlton's badge slips off and Lebrune fires at him. Alfred Graham comes to the rescue. Milton, chief of the local secret service, swears in Alfred Graham and gives his consent to a pursuit of Stella and Big Louie to the Cove. Charlton and young Graham find the Judge in the Cove, as they expected. Big Louie leaves after striking Stella. Her father shoots at him and believes he has killed him. Stella promises to help root out Bolshevism and she and Charlton leave for the city, where she is sworn in as a Federal operative.

This story began in No. 15, the Ledger, dated April 12. Back copies may be obtained thru this office, our agents, or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

LEBRUNE had not fled from the city after young Graham had foiled his attempt to kill Charlton. That, indeed, had been the temptation in the first panic over having confessed his innermost secrets to the Government man whom he had believed to be an emissary of his superiors. Two things prevented "The Gray Wolf" from casting everything to the winds and taking to his heels. One was the knowledge that he might the more easily make his escape in the long run by laying low where he was until the hue and cry after him subsided. The other was his cupidity.

Realizing that he could not hope to convince the other members of the Inner Council of the fact that he was innocent of complicity in the theft of the funds intrusted to the care of himself and Neilson, he was of a mind, now that Neilson was headed for prison, to find where the million and a quarter dollars had been concealed and, if possible, to dip his hands into the ill-gotten gains. So, half-way back to the city, after his battle at the shack, he had turned the roadster off the main road and hidden it in an abandoned cattle shed. He knew that if Charlton wanted revenge for the attempt on his life, efforts would be directed toward finding the gray car as a clew to where Lebrune had gone.

Then Lebrune had tramped the long miles to the city before dawn and had sought a hiding place in one of the hundreds of rabbit warrens where the underworld was accustomed to concealing those of its fellows for whom the police were looking. A rough hair cut, his natty suit and hat and shoes exchanged for second-handed clothing, Lebrune had thought himself sufficiently disguised to escape detection. For a week he had roamed the streets of the city at will, communicating with no one, least of all with the members of the Inner Council. Having discovered that one Government agent had penetrated the barriers surrounding it, he feared that others in whom he had trusted might prove traitors.

Instead, he had haunted the footsteps of Neilson's wife in the hope that at some time she would lead him to the place where her husband had concealed his pilfered thousands. Lebrune's money was running low, and finally he decided that he would risk approaching the old bookseller and enticing from him as large a sum as possible. His own changed appearance he could easily explain away.

The sight of Stella entering the bookstore had puzzled him. He believed her and Vogel now to be far away and the fact that she was in the city led him to but one conclusion. She and Vogel had stolen away with Judge Graham and had collected the rewards offered for his return. For Lebrune knew that the old judge was again at home. He decided that making Stella disgorge part of the money he was sure she had received might prove easier than negotiating a loan from the bookseller. So he concealed himself in a dark doorway and waited her reappearance.

VOGEL had come back to the city, lured by homesickness for the only place he could call home. He had not been killed in the Cove when old Bill Lathrop had taken a bead on him and fired as the gunman was making his way thru one of the passes that led from the Cove to the outside world. For once in his life the mountaineer had not brought down the thing at which he had aimed. A wind stronger than he had calculated, a mistaken judgment as to the distance separating him from his victim, weakened eyesight as a result of age—any or all of these may have made him miss.

"Big Louie" had heard the whistle of the bullet past his head a second before he heard the crack of the rifle. He knew how the men of the mountains could shoot and he realized that only an accident had prevented the bullet from killing him. Quick as a flash he had dropped to the ground and whipped out his own big revolver. With the weapon cocked and his finger on the trigger he lay there, simulating death. He felt satisfied that the person who had fired upon him would believe him killed and would come to examine the body. Then Vogel planned to shoot, and shoot to kill. But the long afternoon wore slowly away and no one came, Vogel did not move even tho he was compelled to bite his lips to keep from doing so when his leg muscles cramped and tortured him. He knew that his would-be slayer might suspect he was playing 'possum and be lying in wait up there on the mountain side for a movement which would betray that Vogel lived. That was just what Vogel would have done had conditions been reversed.

Lebrune's Long, Sinewy Fingers Clamped Themselves About the Gunman's Throat.

At last the agony of lying still in one position became unbearable, Vogel carefully sifted one leg, an inch at a time, until the pain was relieved. The bullet that he expected to feel did not come. He moved the other leg and waited. Then he raised his head and looked all around. Convinced at last that he was unobserved, the thug rose, picked up the suitcase and resumed his interrupted journey. Had he but known it he might have safely done so ten minutes after Bill Lathrop shot at him. The old mountaineer was not in the habit of missing and he firmly believed that his bullet had caught Vogel where it was intended to catch him—in the head. So after watching Vogel's still form from his ambush, he had departed again for his cabin.

Once back in town the gunman had learned that he was not being sought by the police. No inquiries had been made for him in any of his customary haunts, and he felt safe in returning to his old life. Still there was one menace that he knew was a serious one. "The Gray Wolf" was to be reckoned with. And the very day that Vogel got back to the city he had seen Lebrune. The Bolshevist's disguise had not fooled "Big Louie" for a moment. Lebrune had a peculiar walk and Vogel had marked it as his outstanding characteristic. It was a habit of the gunman to note such things and, thru them, to penetrate the camouflage of detectives who sought to fool him.

It was after dusk when Vogel spotted Lebrune shambling along in his hobo rig and he had followed him. A dark spot, a snapshot and then a hurried getaway would remove this man he feared. But before he had trailed his victim to a desirable place, Lebrune had seen Stella and was hidden in the doorway. Vogel had seen her, also, so he took up his position in another doorway near Lebrune and bided his time. He now had two strings to his bow. After he had removed Lebrune he proposed to revenge himself upon Stella for his fancied wrongs at her hands, for he had no thought but that she had instigated the attempt to kill him.

NOW we come to Charlton, fourth in this procession headed for the park. The Government man well knew the risk the girl was running in turning informer and he appointed himself her bodyguard. Of course she did not know that he was shadowing her to protect her. So he was only a few steps behind her when she entered the bookstore. At the same moment he saw Lebrune choose his hiding place and he noted Vogel seek cover in the other doorway. So with a grim smile the Federal agent waited until they started the double game of follow the leader before he, too, joined in. Charlton did not recognize Lebrune in his new makeup and he had never seen Vogel. But, with Stella's warning that the gunman might have returned to the city still fresh in his mind, he had no trouble in guessing the identity of the big man following her. But he thought that Lebrune was one of Vogel's henchmen helping him trail Stella until the gunman was minded to wreak his vengeance on her.

Stella, ignorant that danger stalked her, sauntered on to the spot in the park chosen for her rendezvous with Charlton. She chose a bench with her back to a tree and waited. Lebrune strolled past her with averted face. The fact that she was alone and had chosen to tarry in a dark place in the park at such a late hour did not look right to him. So he passed her bench and walked a hundred yards farther before he whirled and began to double back. He chose to circle in behind her this time and thus it was that, rounding a bush, he ran full tilt into Vogel. The gunman also had circled in behind the girl so as to keep track of "The Gray Wolf."

Recognition of the gunman was instantaneous. Vogel, having the advantage of knowing he was going to meet Lebrune, held a revolver in his hand. "The Gray Wolf" was unprepared. Altho he knew that in a hand-to-hand encounter with his larger enemy he would be worsted, the sight of the weapon in Vogel's hand made him desperate. He launched himself at Vogel just as the revolver spoke. The bullet missed. Lebrune's long, sinewy fingers clamped themselves about the gunman's throat. He felt the struggles of the gunman growing weaker and took away one hand to get his own revolver. Then he sprang away and back and aimed at the heart of "Big Louie." But the latter had been shamming. Feeling his breath being shut off by the clutch of Lebrune's fingers around his windpipe, he had feigned weakness to induce the other to let go.

So both of their revolvers cracked at the same instant. When Charlton, running madly toward the spot, arrived he found both upon the ground: Vogel lay motionless, his legs crumpled up beneath him; he was dead. Lebrune was still kicking spasmodically, but it was a last effort. By the time Charlton had ascertained it was too late to do anything for Vogel and had turned over Lebrune upon his back, "The Gray Wolf" also was dead.

ACROSS the grass a policeman and a dozen men, attracted by the shots, were running. Charlton waited until they came up, introduced himself to the officer, explained what had happened and then awaited further questions.

"Do you know either of them?" asked the policeman.

"One," said Charlton. "I was following him." He pointed to where the gunman's body lay. "That is 'Big Louie' Vogel."

"Good riddance to bad rubbish," replied the policeman. "We had orders tonight to pick him up if we saw him. Who's the other fellow?"

"I haven't the least idea," Charlton bent over as the police officer's flashlight played upon the features of the dead man; he repressed a start as he recognized Lebrune's features. But he did not choose to change his original statement.

"If you want me for the inquest or anything, notify the chief," he told the policeman and departed to keep his appointment with Stella.

Despite her alarm over the pistol battle so close to her, the girl had not gone more than a few yards away from the bench where Charlton had promised to meet her. She saw him as he approached and ran to his side.

"What was it?" she asked. "I heard the shots almost in my ears and I

thought for a minute some one was firing at me. I wouldn't put it past Louie Vogel if he thought he could escape after he had killed me."

"Two men fought it out. Botn are dead," he told her gently. "I'm afraid that I can't tell you much more about it." But something in his voice betrayed to her that he could tell a great deal more if he were willing.

"Mr. Charlton, you are keeping something back," she accused. "I am not a child. One of those men who were killed was Vogel, was he not?"

"Yes," replied Charlton simply. "You will read it in the papers tomorrow, anyhow, so I might as well tell you now."

"And the other?"

"Lebrune."

She did not speak immediately. But when she did her voice was calm and collected.

"It seems like God had taken a hand in things for my benefit," she said. "Mr. Charlton, whether you know it or not, I believe that I was not far from death on this spot less than a few moments ago. Either Vogel or Lebrune would not have hesitated to do me harm. I believe each of them was planning an attack on me when they ran into each other and the shooting started."

"Almost right, but not quite. Lebrune was following you, for what purpose only himself and the God he has gone to meet, know. Vogel was following Lebrune, but whether he intended to shoot you after he had finished Lebrune I cannot say. They met back of that bush and they fought and killed each other."

"Mr. Charlton, there is but one way in which you could know these things. You, too, were following."

"I was following you first, and then them when I saw what was up," admitted the Government man.

"Following me! Did you not trust me? Does not Chief Milton believe that I am playing square in this matter?" she cried, almost tearfully.

"Yes, to both of your questions," he answered. "I do trust you. The chief trusts you. I was following you because I wished to give you what protection I could, for I knew that you were in danger. It was my duty to the Government to protect an important witness. But there was another reason. This may not be either the time or the place to name that reason, but to me it is fully as great a reason as the other. Miss Lathrop—Stella—I love you! I have loved you since the first time I saw you and you resented my question as to whether your room was also—his. Your indignation at that time convinced me that you were the pure, square girl you claimed to be. I loved you then, but I did not know it until later. I realized it fully last night when I had an occasion to study you on the train which we took at Jasper. When you told Chief Milton today that you never had really loved Vogel, that your feeling for him was only gratitude, you looked at me as you said it and in your eyes I thought I read that now you knew real love. Was I right?"

"You were right and I do love you," she cried and he swept her into his arms.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE BALANCE.

THE next day at the very hour when a coroner's jury was sitting at the inquest over the bodies of Vogel and Lebrune, a solemn scene was being enacted in the courtroom of Federal Judge Graham. Lined up before him the twelve men convicted of having taken a part in activities against the United States Government had appeared for sentence. The courtroom was packed to the doors. Fearful of an eleventh-hour attempt to rescue the prisoners or to harm the Judge, Government men, policemen in uniform and detectives were sprinkled thru the crowd and on the alert to prevent a demonstration of any kind.

The old judge emerged from his chambers and made his way slowly to the bench amid a silence that was profound. He did not take his seat, but he motioned the others to be seated and for the preliminaries to begin.

"Prisoners at the bar," he said when they had answered that they knew of no reason why sentence should not be pronounced against them, "the crime of which you have been convicted is, to my mind, the most serious of which a man could be accused. You have conspired to commit acts against the Government of the United States, you have fouled your tongues with slanderous lies against the country which has sheltered you and protected you; you have slyly sought to set at naught her laws and to trample underfoot the banner for which men laid down their lives that there might be liberty and equality and justice for all men who might care to to avail themselves of these things which the Constitution of the United States guarantees, the Constitution which you would treat as Germany treated her agreement with Belgium—as a mere scrap of paper.

"Undoubtedly you have read or heard the story of the man without a country, who said that he wished he might never hear the name of the United States again, and whose wish was fulfilled. Your crime is as grave as his. You, too, have wished that you might never again hear the name of the United States because you sought to tear down the United States and put up in its place a government conceived by your puny minds out of the lust for blood, and loot and pillage and all of the hundred and one things for which the United States will not stand.

"Some of you were not born in this country. You came to it to escape the things which you did not like in the country which gave you birth. You foreswore that country and pledged your allegiance and loyalty to the United States, while down in your hearts you made the reservation that your oath was good only so long as you chose. In her hour of need, when traitors and spies and that hell-spawned doctrine of Bolshevism reared their ugly heads in our midst, you turned against her. It is hard for me to decide whether you are any less guilty than those from among you who were born in this country and yet were willing to betray her.

"This court regrets that it is not in its power to pass upon you the identical sentence that was passed upon the man without a country, to deprive you of citizenship in any nation, to take from you the right to ever speak or hear spoken the name of the United States. But, failing that privilege, the court decrees that you each and every one shall be imprisoned for twenty-five years at hard labor in the Leavenworth Federal penitentiary. Take them away."

QUICKLY and quietly, bailiffs hustled the stunned prisoners out of the room. At a side door of the building motor cars were in waiting and in them the prisoners were rushed to a special railroad coach attached to a train that would take them to the prison.

All of them, but one.

Neilson found himself separated from his fellows and shunted down a hallway to a small room, bare except for a table and two chairs. And in one of those chairs sat his wife. She held up a tear-stained, haggard face as the door opened, then she rushed across the room and flung herself into the convicted man's arms. His hand gently stroked her head, until she had exhausted the fountainhead of her tears and was able to look up into his eyes. Then he led her back to her chair and, reaching out for the other for himself, discovered that they were alone.

The guards who had accompanied Neilson had stepped out into the hallway and closed the door behind them. But altho neither Neilson nor his wife knew it, invisible ears heard their every word and carried them to Chief Milton, sitting in an adjoining room with the receivers of two dictographs clapped to his ears. Beneath the table the sound-transmitting little instruments were skilfully concealed and the wires which connected them to the receivers hidden from sight beneath the flooring.

Chief Milton had laid a trap to try and learn from Neilson's own mouth the hiding place of the million and a quarter dollars which the Bolshevist Inner Council had confided to his care. But not even that astute and far-seeing man was prepared for the revelation which was to come.

"Don't worry, mother, don't worry," Neilson began soothingly. "I will be all right and you and the children are provided for. Every month a certain trust company will send you a check ample to provide for all your needs while I am—I am away. And when I come out there will be more to take care of us all for the rest of our days."

"That is just what I want to talk to you about, dear," she replied. "I will never touch a cent of that money, either while you are gone or after you return. For I know its source. The night that man Lebrune came to our home and you talked to him in the library I overheard every word. I was not asleep as you supposed. I heard his voice and I went downstairs and listened. I did not trust him. You had never remained away from home at night until you met him. You had never been worried or cross or nervous before. I foared for you, my dear; I did not know what was wrong. You would not admit it to me and so I could not learn that you were plotting against the country which had given us both shelter and a home and liberty and privileges we never could have had in the old country. I believed that you loved this country as much as I did. Had I known that you were breaking your pledge to her I would have turned you over to the law myself, or I would have killed you. Don't shrink from me, dear. I love you. I will alwyas love you, no matter what you have done. You are the father of my children. But I cannot and I will not raise those children on money which is not rightfully ours, money which was given for the purpose of harming our country. I will wait for you, dear, and I will work my fingers to the bone to give my children and your children all the advantages which they would have had otherwise.

"But I cannot take your blood money, oh, husband of mine. See," she slipped to the floor and knelt before him, "on my bended knees I beg of you to make it possible for me to turn over to the Government the money which is tainted. What do I care for an income, for easy living, for good clothes, for jewels, for a home in our old age? With you, when you return, I will live in a hut, if a hut is the best that you can give me, provided it is given with clean hands.

"I am not bitter because the law had decreed that you shall pay for what you have done. It is right and just that you should pay. But my love and faith and my trust will sustain you until the last day of my life if you prove to me that you are sorry for what you have done."

Dry-eyed, she held his eyes with her own, while she waited for him to reply. Suddenly the man's head sank to the table beside him and Chief Milton's ears told him that great sobs were wracking his frame.

Then Neilson raised his head again and faced her.

"My wife," he said, taking her face between his hands and kissing her full on the lips, "you have taught me today a lesson that I can never forget. You have shown me as courts, and juries, and judges, and iron bars can never show, just what I have done. I go to prison joyfully to pay the debt I owe, to expiate in hard labor and remorse the wrongs that I have sponsored. Take the money and give it to the Government. Let it be used for balking and blasting its enemies, the men and women who duped me into believing that they and I could make a better country than this already it. I will give you a list of the banks in which it is deposited and I will write out the orders which will turn every cent of it over to you to do with what you say is best.

"But the monthly check which the trust company will turn over to you is clean money. I earned it in the business, and I laid it aside for you and the children in case I had to leave you. I did not think then that anything besides death ever would cause me to leave you. The other money I did not fix so you could get. Deep in my heart I did not want you or the children ever to have to spend a cent of it, for it was tainted, as you say, and I feared that the sorrows of women and the tears of little children—the things which it was intended to buy—would be your sorrows and the tears of my children. That is all."

A MOMENT later the door swung open, and Chief Milton confronted them. He crossed the room and upon the shoulder of each of them he laid a hand.

"Mrs. Neilson," he addressed her first, "I happen to have heard every word you two have just spoken. From your lips I have learned a lesson in patriotism which always will stand out for me as a shining example of the worth of most of our foreign-born who have taken out citizenship papers. I did not know how you felt about your husband's case. I knew of the money he had hidden away, but I did not know whether you did. I laid a trap for you and him today in the hopes that, if he had not told you before, he would do so here when convinced that he could not escape prison. My men have trailed you and I am glad to testify—right here to the fact that your loyalty is unquestioned.

"As for you, Neilson," he turned to the convicted man, "you, too, have learned a lesson. Your own conscience will flay you and punish you more for what you have done than will the discipline of the place to which you are going. Some day, and pray God it will not be long, you will have the opportunity, in a measure, to make up for this thing you have done. When that day comes, I shall visit you in your cell and offer you a chance to go on the witness stand for the Government and assist in tearing down the monstrous machine you have helped to build. Will you take it?"

"I will," said Neilson, stoutly. "And that day will be the happiest of my life, sir."

Then, for the first time in his life, Chief Milton shook hands with a man whom he had helped to convict.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DAY IS SET.

STELLA was bubbling over with excitement and news the next time that she met Charlton at their rendezvous. They no longer met in the park upon the secluded bench. The place held too many unpleasant recollections as a result of the duel between Lebrune and Vogel, recollections which not even the fact that it was there that they had told each other of their love, could overcome. Instead, Charlton had asked her to write him when she wished to see him and he would arrange a meeting place.

He and Stella had agreed that they must put aside their personal feelings for a time, that duty must take precedence over love and that it would be most unwise for them to be seen together until after the Government had struck with all its might at the Bolshevists and rooted them out. To meet openly might prove dangerous for the girl if they should be watched, because Charlton feared that spies of the Reds might have learned his identity and he felt sure that death, swift and sudden, would be Stella's portion if the Inner Council once suspected that she was betraying them.

So a new method of meeting and talking without interruption was decided

(Continued on Page 19.)

Instantly, as If by Magic, Upon Their Coats the Eagle Surmounted Shields of the United States Government Sprang Into View.

Ordeal by Poison

By John Francis Slater

Dalby, immaculate dandy and owner of a neighboring ranch, had it all over Wright—or so he thought—when it came to winning the favor of Phyllis Woodland—but—

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"I HOPE," began Claude Dalby, as he stood by the center of a miniature dust-storm and watched Frank Woodland, whom every one called "Stilts," struggle into a clean white shirt, "I sincerely hope that this great disturbance is not caused by my arrival!"

Stilts paused with his head half-way thru the collar of his shirt, and looked at Dalby with an expression of surprise considerably heightened by his wildly ruffled hair.

"Good heavens, no!" he gasped.

"I should say not!" echoed his partner, "Shorty," sweeping vigorously.

"Harry Wright is expecting his sister out, next week," suggested Dalby tentatively.

"So?" Shorty left a broad mark across Dalby's beautifully polished riding boots.

"I wish you would be more careful!" exclaimed Dalby angrily.

"Sorry," said Shorty. "In a hurry."

"But why the hurry? Whom are you expecting?"

"Train," answered Shorty.

"Oh, you are going to meet some one?"

"Nope, Stilts is."

"I don't imagine," said Dalby, insinuatingly, "that Woodland would put on a clean white shirt to bring out a new hired man."

"He wouldn't," answered Shorty grimly.

"Oh, then he is expecting some one else?"

Snorty's grunt might have meant either yes or no. It sounded like "Scat."

"Woodland is not by any chance expecting to bring home a bride?" simpered Dalby.

Stilts snorted, dragging savagely at his boots. "Get Buck for me, Shorty, there's a good chap," he said.

"You have just twenty minutes to drive the five miles," said Dalby, pulling out a gold-cased hunter. "If I am any judge of horseflesh, you'll never do it, old chap!"

When the buggy came to the door Stilts leaped in and seized the reins.

"Get that tailor's dummy out of the house before I bring her home," he pleaded. "If he gets an idea that a new girl is coming you won't be able to pry him loose."

"Got it already," said Shorty. "Ten years is a long time," he interjected, "think you'll know her again?"

Stilts withered him with a look, and Shorty stepped back, grinning.

Only a week before, Stilts had remarked that the Lord created the prairie-train when He made "all creeping things." But this was the day of its revenge, and the smoke curled mockingly round the head and shoulders of the Newtown elevator, which towered above the low skyline; then it moved on westward in a long black stream.

Stilts rushed up the platform to the agent's window. "Did any one inquire for me?" he asked eagerly.

The agent nodded towards the dark little waiting-room. "Young lady," he grunted. "She said you was her brother I told her if I'd had a brother what couldnt be on time to——" but Stilts was beyond his reach.

This was not the time for a cold reception or chilly half-recognition. When a sister has traveled to one over thousands of miles of land and sea—— Stilts seized her in his arms, and kissed her warmly.

"Phyllis, you darling! I should have known you anywhere!" he prevaricated fondly.

The girl in his arms struggled violently.

"Oh, how dare you!" she cried, her cheeks showing crimson thru the dust. "How dare you!"

Behind the horrified Frank, a gurgling laugh rippled out on the awkward silence. A sweet, unaffected laugh that swept away his embarrassment, flung open memory's gates and flowed in with full warm assurance.

"That's Phyllis!" he cried.

A pair of warm young arms were flung around his neck.

"Oh, Frank," she exclaimed presently. "It is good to see one of the family again!"

Stilts held her at arm's length and gazed at her critically. "Ten years added to the life of a twelve-year-old lassie makes quite a difference," he decided. "You were all legs and pigtail then, Phyl. Now, you are broader and taller; but you still have that teasing dimple and wicked smile. H'm, yes, it's the same old Phyllis, all right."

"You would have recognized me anywhere, wouldn't you, Frank?" she murmured demurely.

Stilts laughed.

"I know that I shall never hear the last of that mistake. But you ought to feel flattered—she's an awfully pretty girl!"

"Come along and apologize," said Phyllis, taking his arm. "Her name is Edith Wright. She came over on the same boat that I did, and as she is also going to keep house for a brother, we clung together for mutual consolation."

"Edith Wright!" exclaimed Stilts. "Her brother isn't expecting her for another week!"

AS THEY passed out of the waiting-room the girl blushed furiously but came bravely to meet them. Phyllis introduced her brother, who strove manfully to make his apologies sound sincere. Then he explained her brother's non-appearance.

"I can't think how that can have happened!" she exclaimed in dismay. "What do you think that I had better do?" turning appealing blue eyes on the sympathetic Stilts.

"Come with us," he answered promptly. 'Your brother's place is only a mile beyond Shorty's and mine; so that after you have had a rest and a cup of tea, we can easily drive you over."

Edith Wright accepted gratefully, and the three squeezed themselves gaily into the buggy. Then Stilts started the impatient Buck.

From a coal-bin by the railroad, a black figure tumbled into a wagon, and

Claude Dalby Struggled to His Feet. "You Careless Devil!" He Shrieked at Stilts, "If I'm Poisoned, You'll Swing for This!"

pausing to raise protesting hands and eyes to Heaven, seized the lines and thundered after them. At intervals the figure emitted hoarse, dust-choked cries.

Unaware of their pursuer, the three sped swiftly homeward. Stilts was conscious of a sense of happiness and well-being, above and apart from his pleasure in his sister's safe arrival, which deepened with every sideways glance.

"Oh, look at that pretty little creature, sitting bolt upright by the side of the road! There's another! Why, they are all over the prairie!" exclaimed Phyllis delightedly.

"Those," said Stilts somberly, "are gophers. We poison them continually, but still they increase."

"Poor little things," said Edith Wright.

"Now you can see our home," said Stilts, as they topped a rise. "The house with the veranda is ours, and the smaller one is Shorty's establishment. You can see the peak of Harry Wright's place over the next rise."

"There it is! cried Phyllis. "Is that Shorty—Mr. Chesterton, I mean—in our [illegible]——"

"No," answered Stilts, with a frown. "That's Claude Dalby."

Dalby stepped forward as they drew up.

Tho shorter than the immense Stilts by half a head, he was still tall and well-made; and he wore his fine clothes as tho accustomed to them.

Stilts introduced him with obvious reluctance.

"I am very fortunate to be present to welcome Miss Woodland and Miss Wright," said Dalby ceremoniously, eying Woodland's sister with approval.

Stilts dammed his flow of compliments by inviting them all to enter. He waited anxiously while his sister gazed around eagerly. Their eyes met, and Stilts relaxed with a sigh of relief.

"Shorty has tea ready, thank goodness!" he said; "you'll join us, of course, Dalby."

"Do please!" seconded Phyllis, casting an admiring glance over the well-groomed youth.

"I shall stay with great pleasure, Miss Woodland," he answered pointedly.

Just then the wagon thundered up to the door. Stilts went out.

"Wright!" he exclaimed. "Here's luck! Your sister——"

"Bring me soap and water, Stilts!" interrupted the grimy youth, urgently. "For Heaven's sake, don't let her see me like this!"

There was an exclamation, and the two girls appeared in the doorway.

"Harry!" cried Edith, rushing forward.

'Come along, Phyllis," said Stilts, taking her arm. "They won't need us for a little while."

"What a sweep!" exclaimed Phyllis, with immense disgust.

"He's a splendid chap!"

"He may be, for all I know," answered his sister. "But I prefer 'em clean."

Then she turned to chat gayly with the eager Dalby.

"PHYL," said Stilts, some six weeks later, after Shorty had retired to his own shack, "If you don't mind, there is something I would like to say to you."

Phyllis seated herself in a chair opposite her brother, and, folding her hands in her lap, gazed at him demurely.

"You know, Phyl, I'm ten years older than you, and the old folks are far away, and—well, you came out here for my sake, so I kind of feel responsible for your happiness, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Oh, I'm just perfectly happy, Frank," said Phyllis quickly.

"That's just it," said Stilts awkwardly. "Don't you—haven't you—oh, confound it! What I mean is—aren't you allowing yourself to become too friendly with that Dalby fellow? He isn't the kind of fellow that I'd care to have you take up with at all."

"What have you got against him?" asked Phyllis in an ominously quiet tone.

Stilts stirred uneasily. "Now don't get angry," he pleaded. "I know it's only natural that you should like to have a fellow calling to take you for drives, and all that sort of thing. I want you to have a good time, of course; but I don't wish you to take a step that you would repent afterward."

"I asked what you had against Claude!" repeated Phyllis.

"Heaps! He's selfish and lazy. His father allows him a fair sized income, and he scarcely earns a cent for himself. Yet he comes around criticising our work and telling us how we ought to cultivate the land and handle our stock, and all the rest of it, as tho he were the greatest agricultural expert in the country."

"Well," said Phyllis, "as long as he gives you good advice, I should say that you ought to be grateful instead of saying things behind his back."

Stilts reddened. "I couldn't warn you against him before his face, could I?" he demanded indignantly. "It isn't as tho Dalby was the only man in the country, either. There are dozens of decent chaps who would be only too willing—there's Harry Wright, for instance, riding over nearly every day; but you are always too busy or something, when he wants you to ride."

"Oh," said Phyllis slowly. "So it was Harry Wright's cause that you meant to plead?"

"Well, and why not?" he asked doggedly. "He's evidently in deadly earnest, and he's a splendid, hardworking chap. To think of any one preferring Claude Dalby! I tell you, Phyl, if you are going to meet a better man than Harry Wright in your life, you will have to live a terribly long time!"

Phyllis crossed over and, seizing him gently by the shoulders, looked mischievously into his upturned face.

"Frankie," she said softly, "are you sure—quite sure, that your motive for backing Harry Wright isn't just a tiny bit more personal?"

Stilts leaped to his feet, pushing her roughly aside.

'Besides," she concluded defiantly, "I have asked Claude Dalby to take tea with us on Sunday afternoon."

"Very well," cried Stilts, "I'll invite Harry Wright! And——" he added, with a defiance that matched her own, "I'll ask him to bring his sister!" . . .

LOOKING from one to the other of his guests, as they sat around his home-made table, Stilts wondered gloomily how Phyllis even could hesitate in her choice—much less prefer Dalby.

"I suppose," Dalby was remarking, as they made inroads into Phyllis' cake, "that this is the revival if a very faint memory to you and Shorty. Now I, tho I say it myself, can produce a cake that will compare quite favorably with the best specimens of the confectioner's art."

"Stilts made a cake once," remarked Shorty.

"Did it make you ill?" asked Edith Wright smiling.

"We didn't eat enough of it!"

"Yes," Dalby was continuing, "I pride myself on my cakes. I told my housekeeper—I had a housekeeper once, you remember. But she wanted to marry me——"

An amazed "No!" from Shorty.

"Yes, I assure you. When she found that I was not to be caught, she packed up her things and departed."

"What an escape!" murmured Shorty.

"Wasn't it? Since then I have done my own cooking, and, I may say, managed splendidly."

"Your results must be different from Harry's!" exclaimed Edith. "From what I can make out a large proportion of his cooking went to feed the gophers."

"Poor little beggars!" remarked Stilts sympathetically.

"Speaking of gophers," Dalby broke in, "I really think, Wright, that you

might take steps to prevent them overrunning your place in the way they do."

"Sunday, Sunday!" remonstrated Stilts. "Besides, Wright poisons steadily—as we all do."

"The packages of strychnine that Frank keeps lying around are fraying my nerves to atoms!" declared Phyllis. "They pop out in all kinds of dangerous places."

"You won't need to worry any more," Stilts assured her. "I clashed them all together in a large baking powder tin. You only need to avoid——"

He broke off abruptly, staring at his sister.

Phyllis' hand had gone up to her throat, and all the color had fled from her cheeks.

"Frank—the cake! I used the powder from that tin, and—" her voice thinned to a terrified whine—"we've eaten it!"

For a moment they sat in stricken silence. Edith Wright, who was seated next to her host, turned deadly pale and clutched his arm.

Claude Dalby struggled to his feet. "You careless devil!" he shrieked at Stilts, "If I'm poisoned, you'll swing for this! . . . Oh, it's getting me! . . . Murder! Murder!"

He twisted about, gripping at his body. Suddenly his hand darted across the table, snatching at the mustard and salt. The others stared uncomprehendingly, as he emptied them into his tea, and raised the cup to his lips.

"Stop!" shouted Wright, leaping to his feet. "Give it to the girls!"

Dalby raised the cup hurriedly and swallowed its contents.

"You selfish fiend!" groaned Wright, starting towards him.

"Wait!" commanded Stilts sharply. "Keep cool, everybody! I don't see how Phyllis could have mistaken that poison as it was still in the packets. I'm going to investigate."

As he opened the door, Claude Dalby fled past him into the outer air. The little group waited rigidly until Stilts returned.

He came in smiling. "Here's the tin Phyllis used, and here are the poison packages in this one; all intact. See!"

Four deep sighs of relief were audible.

"And so we are not poisoned, after all!" said Harry Wright, smiling at Phyllis. "But poor Dalby——"

"He's out at the back of the barn," said Stilts. "I think he's wishing that it had been poison."

"I'll look after him," offered Shorty generously.

"I think we had better adjourn to the veranda," said Stilts, opening the door for Edith Wright.

As they passed out, Harry turned to his hostess. The reaction had set in, and Phyllis' head was bowed upon her outstretched arms.

He glanced at her wistfully, then hesitatingly at the open door. At last he turned again and knelt by her side.

As the sun sank behind the western foothills, Stilts and his partner sat with Phyllis on the veranda and watched their guests ride away.

"And so it was Harry Wright that you cared for, all the time?" exclaimed Stilts, turning to his sister. "But why on earth did you allow Dalby to do all the escorting?"

"It is so easy to say 'No,' to Claude Dalby," murmured the demure Phyllis.

"Girls are beyond me," admitted Stilts. "I suppose Shorty will be the best man, and I shall have to give you away?"

"Give?"' remarked Shorty, rising and stretching. "Not you!" He moved over and placed a gentle hand on his partner's shoulder. "The nearest that you will come to giving, old chap, is to make an even trade!"

Then he pulled his cap over his eyes, and strode thru the gathering dusk in the direction of his lonely shack.

* * *

Where He Belonged.

"A GREAT business success must have honesty for its keystone," said President Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

"A dishonest business never develops. There's no hope for the business of Grocer Boggs.

"'What ye been doin' down the cellar so long?' snarled Grocer Boggs at his new boy.

"'Been cleanin' out the quart molasses measure, sir,' the boy answered lightly. 'It was so clogged up it only held about a pint.'

"'Say, you're fired,' growled the grocer. 'You go home and tell yer father to edicate ye for the ministry.'"

* * *

Office Seeker.

SECRETARY TUMULTY said the other day in the White House:

"It's astonishing how many thousands of requests for Army commissions come to the White House with every mail. A good many men seem to think that an Army commission is a safe and highly-paid sinecure.

"Yes, a good many men are like the chap who was after the consulship.

"'So you're after the consulship to Tobaga, eh?' a friend said to him.

"'Yep, with both feet,' the chap answered.

"'Is a consulship hard work?'

"'Not after you get it.'"

Continuing an Exciting Story of Mystery

The Sable Lorcha

By Horace Hazeltine

[Copyright, 1919, by A. C. McClurg & Co.]

What Has Gone Before

ROBERT CAMERON and his friend, Philip Clyde, are much puzzled by two mysterious notes which Cameron has received. The writer claims great powers and demonstrates them. A second demonstration is promised. Cameron and Clyde suspect an artist named Murphy. They keep the news from Evelyn Grayson, Cameron's niece, with whom Clyde is in love. Cameron has a nervous breakdown and, while ill, a third note is delivered saying that he will pass from the sight of men. Clyde takes Evelyn into his confidence, and they keep him in ignoranc of the note. Clyde takes him for a cruise on his yacht. A lone man in a rowboat is picked up. During the night Cameron and the man, Peter Johnson, mysteriously disappear. Search reveals no trace of them. The notes are found to be of Chinese origin and Clyde consults Yup Sing, a prominent merchant, who promises to aid him. Clyde sees Johnson and follows him, but is drugged. He is rescued by a mission worker, Miss Clement, and from her learns of the amyl pearls, which explains the mysterious happenings. Clyde meets Cameron on the street in a stupor and takes him home. Evelyn declares that he is not Cameron. Miss Clement finds that the Chinese want him for sinking a boat and drowning a hundred coolies. Clyde and Evelyn are attacked by Murphy and Johnson, whose real name is John Soy. Detectives capture the pair of them and rescue Evelyn and Clyde. Soy is later taken to the Cameron house, where the sick man is identified as Donald McNish, the perpetrator of the crime of the Sable Lorcha. Soy confronts McNish. There is instant recognition and fear in McNish's face. Before any one can prevent him he shoots Soy and kills himself.

This story began in No. 13, the Ledger, for March 29. Back copies may be obtained thru newsdealers, our agents or from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ANOTHER PROBLEM CROPS UP.

THERE are, I dare say, those who will not hesitate to charge me with an unpardonable lack of perception. "Even from your own telling," they will probably declare, "We realized from the first that the creature you discovered at 2 in the morning, supporting himself by means of a Fifth avenue area railing, was not Robert Cameron, but his physical counterpart, and a not very deceptive counterpart at that."

I shall not dispute the justice of the criticism. As I look back at it all now, I sometimes wonder, myself, how I could have been so blind, so credulous. And yet there is something to be said on the other side, too. An able advocate, I believe, might make out a fairly strong case for me if I were disposed to defend myself; which, as it happens, I am not, since the verdict can make no possible difference either to you or to me, and would only delay the culmination of our narrative.

Nevertheless I must tell that for some minutes after reading the letter which had so opportunely fallen into my hands I stood at the foot of the bed, and in the glare of the blazing electrics, studied with keenest scrutiny the face which had so deceived me.

In general contour and individual feature the likeness to Cameron was monstrous in its fidelity. The same rugged power, inherited from Scottish forbears, was traceable in every lineament. But there the similarity ended. The face I gazed upon lacked illumination. Character, so strongly indicated in the other, was from this totally absent. In its place was an admixture of craft and brutality, so palpable, now—so clearly, unmistakably evident—that I marveled at my former delusion.

It was the newspaper puzzle picture over again. Having at length discovered the hidden rabbit I could see nothing else whatever. It dominated the drawing. It fairly sprang at me from out the printed page.

For a Moment, I Was on the Point of Yielding.

There was still another feature of the revelation, however, which held a contrasting pathos. The letter which carried conviction beyond all possible dispute was from Donald McNish's aged mother. And while it tempered in a measure the harshness of my judgment against the son, it was of tragic import, in that it was the one potent piece of evidence in his undoing, severing the last link in the chain which connected his identity with that of the shamefully maligned Cameron.

Evelyn wept over this letter, and I am not sure but that my own sight grew hazy, too, as I read the fond, quaintly couched phrases of endearment, penned half a year back in Dundee, by this God-fearing old Scotchwoman, to that infamous, blood-stained reprobate, who, to her, was still her "ain bonnie bairn."

It all came out, eventually, that McNish had traveled the world over in the sixteen years intervening since the coolie massacre, employing a score or more of aliases and so studiously avoiding the name by which he had then been known, as to have almost forgotten it, probably, himself, until, yielding to the call of home, he had at some early period of the last twelvemonth returned for a brief visit to his native town and his septuagenarian mother.

It was then, most likely, that he gave her the address of the New York hotel. Fate influenced the mother to write, and Fate sent the son there six months later to get the letter, and so carry upon his person the confirmatory evidence of his identity, just at the time when it would prove fatal.

"How did it happen," I have been asked, "that you didn't examine immediately the clothes that the supposed Cameron wore, when you found him?"

IN VIEW of subsequent events it is very easy to see what an important bearing such an examination would have had. But at the time, there was no one who thought of it. Our chief purpose then was to get the injured man to bed, and to secure a physician and nurse to minister to his recovery. If he had been found dead, then, of course, we should have gleaned what information we could from his pockets. But we daily expected him to be able to tell his own story, and in the anxiety and confusion of the moment the possible pregnancy of the disclosures that lurked in his apparel was entirely lost sight of.

When we did make the examination, on the morning following the episode of the letter, it was to discover that the suit and overcoat worn by McNish were of Scotch manufacture, having been made in Dundee, according to sewn-in labels, early in the current year.

The contents of the pockets were not significant. The letter he had been so anxious to secure and destroy was the only letter, apparently, he had carried. There was a check-book on a Chicago bank, and there was a wallet containing a small sum of money in bills, and a few business cards of importing houses, which we took to indicate that the possessor was still desultorily engaged in trade, or some species of smuggling, with the Malay states and the Straits settlements as his field, since most of the cards made reference to goods of such origin.

That morning, which succeeded the night of exciting events already detailed, was crowded with another succession of happenings scarcely less sensational.

At 7 o'clock, O'Hara, in obedience to my instructions came to my rooms in the Loyalton, rousing me out of a heavy sleep; for I had not got to bed until four, and then had lain awake with teeming brain until after five. I received him in bath robe and moles, sitting on the bedside, and sipping coffee, while he, perched on a low, brass-bound clothes chest, poured forth his story.

"Sleep!" he echoed, when I had made my apologies. "I haven't had a wink, myself. I've been with the boys all night doing as pretty a round-up as you ever see. We've got the bunch right this time, Mr. Clyde, and there'll be a clearin' out down there in Chinatown such as hasn't been known since the Chinks discovered Doyers street."

"Yes," I said, encouragingly.

"It's another war of the tongs," he went on. "They have 'em, periodically, you know, and there's always a few of

the moon-faced boys snuffed out, which ain't much loss nohow. But this time they interfered, you see, with you and Miss Grayson, and they beat up that driver of your buzz-carriage something fierce; and the commissioner's issued orders to put the whole yellow population on the pan if necessary to get the ones what is responsible."

"Were any arrest made?" I inquired.

O'Hara smiled. "Were any arrests made?" he repeated in a tone that indicated supreme pity for my ignorance. "Why, we took 'em in by the wholesale. We lowered the net and dragged it and you ought to see what come up. There was one fellow, a skinny old geezer half-breed, neither Chink nor white man, but a slimy mixture of all that's bad in the two. We've had him on the griddle all night. Talk about the third degree! He got it good, and he's made enough admissions already to send him straight to the chair."

"And Murphy?" I suggested.

"He's a tough one, that lad! When they'd brought him to, they figured they'd get him to convict himself in the same old way. But there was nothin' doing. He just shut his trap, and not a word would he answer one way or the other. But his turn 'll come, all right. I've got it on him, Mr. Clyde. While I've been shadowin' him for the past month I've picked up a bunch of stuff that'll come in good.. To begin with, his name ain't Murphy. It's Pat Moran, and his mug's at headquarters."

"His mug?"

"Sure. In the rogue's gallery. And his record's there, too. He's done time, already."

"For what?"

"For stabbin' a man in the back."

It requires no great mathematical ability to put two and two together. The result is always either four or twenty-two. So, in logic, the answer is invariably either right or wrong. Murphy had stabbed a man in the back; McNish carried the scar of a knife wound under his shoulder blade. There were the two and two.

"What were the facts?" I asked, with kindled interest. "Whom did he stab? When? Where?"

"The bloke's name," O'Hara answered, after a moment's thumbing of his note book, was MacNichol—Douglas MacNichol. It was in Buffalo, in 1900."

My putting together promised a satisfactory answer. The similarity of names could hardly be a coincidence.

"Pat Moran served five years in Auburn," the detective added.

"You don't know what became of McNish—I mean MacNichol?"

"No."

"Nor any facts about the cause of the stabbing?"

"That's easy got," O'Hara informed me. "But it ain't in the record at headquarters. What is there, tho, is that Moran had lived in Chinatown in Frisco, and was arrested there and tried for smuggling opium, but was acquitted for lack of evidence."

For a moment I sipped my coffee in thoughtful silence.

"The skeleton guy knows Moran, all right," O'Hara broke in.

"You mean the half-breed?"

"Yes. He give that away."

"What does he call himself?"

"He's known in Chinatown as John Soy. He says he's a cook."

Once again I was busy with two and two. Unless all signs failed this John Soy and Peter Johnson and the Eurasian cook of the Sable Lorcha were a single entity.

"'Hara," I said, finishing my coffee, and putting down the cup and saucer, "I have the key witness in this case. You and I together are going to take him with us and have him confront both Murphy and John Soy. I promise you the result will be interesting."

The detective looked his perplexity.

"Some one who knows them?" he asked.

"Unless I am very much mistaken," I answered, "it is some one who knows them both better than any other person in New York. Unless Heaven is just now engaged in constructing enigmas simply for the bewilderment of us mortals, the witness I have is the man whom Murphy stabbed in the back, in Buffalo, eight years ago."

BUT before I could carry out my plan there were several minor matters which claimed my attention. Ever since reading the note which Miss Clement placed in my hands I had been uneasy concerning her safety. To judge from O'Hara's report Chinatown had been in a ferment most of the night, and I feared lest the blame for the disturbance be visited upon the brave woman missionary and some measures of vengeance meted out to her.

For half an hour I tried unsuccessfully to reach her by telephone. The Mission did not answer. With my anxiety intensified by this repeated failure, I ordered my motor car around at once, and taking O'Hara with me, made the trip to Pell Street in record time, despite obstructive trucks and other vehicles which were encountered, the hour being still early, in maddening frequency.

Eager inquiry of none-too-loquacious neighbors eventually elicited the information that Miss Clement, alive and uninjured, had started at daybreak, if not indeed before, to hunt up a brother of the murdered Ling Fo, in Long Island City.

Half an hour later, having stopped at Bellevue Hospital on the way up town to inquire as the condition of Eloi Lacoste, the injured chauffeur, and leave instructions that everything possible should be done for his comfort, I alighted from the car at the door of Dr. Massey's office on West Fifty-sixth Street.

I trust I am not that type of man which, when guilty of error, delights to shift the responsibility to other shoulders. I had small excuse to make for myself in confounding McNish with Cameron, yet I confess I had much less for the family physician, who had been so easily deceived.

Dr. Massey greeted me almost jovially, but checked himself as he observed the seriousness, the coolness even, of my manner.

"Our—our patient is not worse?" he questioned, taken aback.

"No, Doctor," I answered, tempted to a grim humor, "that would be impossible, I fancy."

For a second he regarded me with frowning incomprehension.

"Our patient," I repeated with sarcastic emphasis that could not be misunderstood, "long ago, I fancy, reached the limit of blackguardism."

The doctor's eyes widened, his lips parted and he stood aghast.

"But—but—I don't quite see," he stammered. "You have quarreled with Mr. Cameron? You have——"

"No, no," I returned, interrupting him. "Would to God I had him here to quarrel with. Miss Grayson was right. The man you have been using your skill upon is no more Robert Cameron than I am."

I hardly knew whether to be irritated or amused by that which followed. Dr. Massey threw back his head and roared with boisterous laughter.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! That's the richest kind of a joke, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed, as his mirth subsided. "Not Robert Cameron? Why, do you know, Mr. Clyde, how many years I have been his physician? No. Of course you don't. Ten years and over, and I know Cameron as I know myself."

"Then tell me," I said, irritation having its way, "why on earth he ever had the initials D. M. N. tatooed on his left arm?"

The doctor's quick changes of expression were becoming an interesting study. The smile which had lingered after the laughter, now gave way to a lowered brow and pursed lips.

"A tattoo mark on his left arm?" he repeated, slowly. "There's no such thing there."

"But there is," I insisted; "there is, at least, on the left arm of the man you've been treating."

Dr. Massey was still thoughtful.

"There is some mistake," he decided.

"No, there is no mistake," I assured him. "Miss Grayson's eyes were better than either yours or mine. She saw at once that this outlaw was not her uncle, and you and I fancied we knew better. If you are still unconvinced, Doctor, I'll run you up in my car, which is at the door, and you shall satisfy yourself. Meanwhile I'll give you some of the confirmatory evidence."

He went with me; and to him and O'Hara, at the same time, I related the dumfounding occurrences of the previous night.

"And what did this McNish say?" the doctor inquired, when I had finished. "Did he admit the masquerade?"

"He became delirious. There was no getting a sensible word from him. My own idea is that the delirium was feigned."

"Possibly."

"Isn't it equally possible, Doctor," I asked, "that he has been feigning since the first?"

"No," was his answer. "I don't think so. He may have exaggerated his symptoms, when conscious, to gain time; but if he had been able to think clearly he would have secured that letter before last night. You may rest assured that that was the first opportunity he had, after regaining the power of thought continuity. And still," he continued, "I am not entirely convinced that he is not Robert Cameron. If it is merely a resemblance, as you claim, then it is the most remarkable case of likeness that I have ever encountered. Moreover, there is one thing we must not lose sight of. His abductors, as has been demonstrated by everything they have done, are an unusually clever and cunning lot of men. To counterfeit age, so far as the tattoo mark is concerned, is not so difficult as you might imagine; and I should have to see the scar before admitting that it is not of recent origin. The letter might have been a forgery, or a real letter, secured and placed in Cameron's pocket for this very purpose. And hypnotic suggestion would easily explain his desire to secure and destroy it. The use of a foreign tongue in his dementia even, could be accounted for in the same way."

It was natural that Dr. Massey should exert his ingenuity to reconcile these divergent points. To him it seemed, as it had to me, that a mistake as to the identity of his patient was incredible. But now I simply shook my head in negation.

"Wait until you see him again, Doctor," I requested. "Wait until you read his face, not for what is on the surface but for what is behind it."

The motor, drawing a swift diagonal to the curb, came creepingly to a halt before the Cameron house. As I was about to alight, Dr. Massey laid a detaining hand on my arm.

"If your conclusion is correct, Clyde," he said, gravely, "what course do you propose to take? Do you realize what is involved? Don't you see that your conviction and mine is one thing, but that to convince the public is an entirely different matter? Can we afford to give this man up for his crimes until we have Cameron actually here to prove that it is not he who was thus involved sixteen years ago?"

In the recent result of developments I had not thought of that. But I saw now that it presented a problem no less perplexing than some of those which had just been solved.

CHAPTER XXV.

ENEMIES FACE TO FACE.

AS EVENTS shaped themselves the problem presented by Dr. Massey found a speedy solution. Had I been compelled to grapple with it unaided I am not yet sure what course I should have pursued. Of my own volition I must have hesitated to take a step which could not fail to throw suspicion—at least among the only partially informed—upon my absent and defenseless friend. But all choice in the matter was denied me.

I arranged with Dr. Massey that he should go unaccompanied to his patient's room, and, without so much as a hint that he was cognizant of what had transpired on the previous night, make whatever examination he deemed necessary to a definite conclusion.

In the meantime, having learned from Checkabeedy that Evelyn was in the breakfast room, I joined her there. Her curiosity had ripened by a night's suppression; and having dismissed the footman who was serving her, she at once demanded the fulfillment of my promise to tell her everything.

"It's another case where you have the right to say, 'I told you so!'" I began, as I took a chair next to her.

In her wide blue eyes I read that she divined my meaning.

"Yes," I went on, "the man upstairs is not your uncle. We have been nursing a viper, it seems, who promises to give us a deal of trouble before we are thu with him."

There was no need for her to question me. Rapidly, succinctly, I told her the story I had learned from Yup Sing; told her, too, of the scene in the bed-chamber, after I had left her on the previous night; and showed her the letter from McNish's poor old Scotch mother.

"There, there," I soothed, as in silence but with quivering lips and eyes overflowing, she started to read the tremblingly penned sentences a second time. "I'm sorry for the dear old creature, too, but——"

"Philip," she interrupted me, her face and voice alike pleading. "Let us send him back to her'"

"Send him back!" I repeated in amazement.

"Yes. We can, can't we? We don't have to give him up to those horrid Chinamen, do we? He's well enough to go, isn't he? Why can't we call a cab, give him enough money for his passage and send him, at once? There's a steamer sailing this morning, isn't there?"

For just a moment I was on the point of yielding. Seldom has a villain had a more puissant advocate than had McNish in this enthusiastic, resolute girl, spurred to his salvation by the pathetic appeal of that maternal yearning which breathed from every line of the letter before her. The unselfish purity of her

(Continued on Page 22.)

Write Me Quick If You Want This Car!

No matter where you live, or what your age or sex you may have the chance of owning this fine new Ford Touring Car, without a cent of cost to you. Some one who sends me his name and address quickly and is prompt, careful and energetic in following my instructions, will get this $525.00 Ford free of all cost—freight and war tax prepaid. No contestant will be asked or permitted to pay a cent of his own money, at any time.

Thousands of Dollars in Other Grand Prizes and Cash Rewards

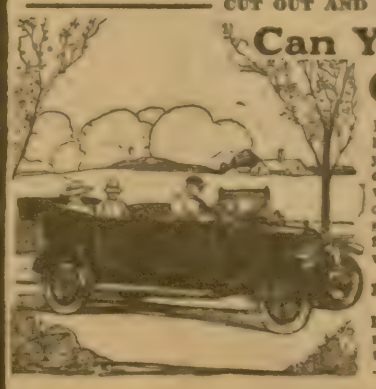
In addition to the $525.00 Ford Car as First Grand Prize, I will give away in this contest, thousands of dollars in Cash Rewards, and Minor Grand Prizes. These will include Bicycles, Gold Watches, Diamond Rings, Phonographs, Silverware, Money Rewards, etc., etc. (Prizes duplicated in case of a tie.)

Every one who takes an active part in this contest will be well paid in cash, whether or not he wins the Ford or one of the other Grand Prizes. Just your name and address with five or more faces correctly marked in the picture below, starts everything.

This is a new offer—just starting. So act quick. Mail me the Coupon today sure. Address

D. W. BEACH, Contest Manager, FARM LIFE, Spencer, Ind.

CUT OUT AND MAIL COUPON TODAY.



Can You Find Five Faces? Get 1,000 Votes

In the picture are a number of hidden faces. See how many you can find. Some are looking right at you, some turned sidewise. You will find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, write your name and address plainly on the lines below, clip out this coupon and mail to me now. If you find as many as five of the hidden faces I will enter you in this contest and credit you with 1,000 votes. Send me this coupon today SURE.

D. W. BEACH, Contest Manager,
FARM LIFE, Dept. 254, Spencer, Indiana.
Dear Sir:—Here is my solution of the picture. If correct, enter me in your Grand Prize subscription contest with a credit of 1,000 votes. I want the Ford—send me full particulars.

Name .....

Address .....

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG - - Fisherman's Luck

'LES SNEAK 'AN GO FISHIN'. COM'ON!!
SURE, JAMES.
THROW YOUR LINE AROUND THE BEND, FELLERS. THERE'S WHERE THE BIG FISH STAY. I FEEL SOMETHING BITING NOW.
SAY, HELP ME OUT, FELLERS. FEELS LIKE I'VE CAUGHT A WHALE.
?
COMING, JAMES
JUST AROUND THE BEND.
GRR-RR. BOW-WOW OXXX!! ?XX KL-Y!

Knows the Ropes.

"What sort of traveler is Twobble?"

"An experienced one."

"How is that?"

"He calls all the Pullman porters 'Sam' and all the waiters 'George.'"

The Wife Knows.

Teacher—"Tommy, you may define the difference between 'a while' and 'a time.'"

Tommy—"Why, when pa says he's going downtown for a while, ma says she'll bet he's going for a time."

To Call the Bluff.

Bronson—"Most of the airs people put on about the benefits of foreign travel are all a bluff."

Woodson—"Yes. But you've got to travel yourself in order to be able to call the bluff."

Household Economy.

Mr. Benson went to New York to business, but lived in Brooklyn. Often he was not able to get home in time for dinner at night. He told his wife that he would phone her every day as to whether he could leave the office or not.

Mrs. Benson was of a very thrifty disposition and the following was her solution of the problem: "Sam, if you find that you can't be home for dinner, phone me at exactly 6 o'clock. If the telephone rings at that hour I'll know it is you and that you are not coming for dinner. I won't answer it and you'll get your nickel back."

Love's Labor Lost.

"What did Mr. Cummings say to you last night, Clara, when he was trying to button your glove?" queried the anxious mother.

"Why," replied the daughter, "he said that any firm making gloves as hard to button as mine ought to quit the business."

"Well, my dear," continued the a. m., "take my advice and don't waste any more time in that direction."

In Her Glory.

Myles—"So your wife has had a trip in an airplane?"

Styles—"Yes, she was up today."

"How'd she like it?"

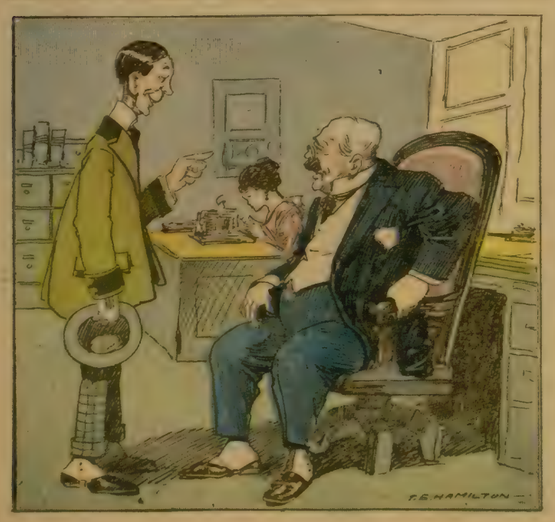
"Tickled to death. You see, when she looked down on the crowd she could see nothing but hats."

No Chance for Him.

The Hostess—"I am going to ask you to take Mrs. Salston down to dinner."

Featherstone—"What shall I talk to her about?"

"It won't be necessary."—Judge.



Employer—"Are you a man who watches the clock?"

Man—"No, sir; I watch the typist. As soon as she begins powdering her nose I put up the books."

Natural Order of Things.

He—"Great Scott! What now?"

She—"My vanishing cream has disappeared."

Things Even Up.

"Didn't I see you moving the other day?" was asked of a weary man on the street.

"Yes, you did," was the reply. "I guess everybody in town saw me moving."

"I think I saw you moving most of your furniture in a wheelbarrow?"

"Correct. I'll tell you how it was. I am a truckman, you know. We had a pretty good thing of it, but we wanted something better, and so we struck. We struck for just the same wages that Andrew Jackson got as President of the United States. We had scarcely struck when the owner of the house I lived in raised the rent $10 a month. I felt that I could not pay it and must move. I spent a day looking for another house and then began to move. I couldn't use my own truck nor hire one, and so I had to move with a wheelbarrow, and it just took five years off my life. Then the coal man he came up $2 a ton, and the butcher he raised another notch, and the plumber he came and I had to pay $12 repairs to the house."

"But you struck?" was asked.

"Oh, yes, we struck. We struck forward and backward. We are working for the same old wages and I'm out about $75, say nothing of lost time. Say, old man, things always even up, don't they?"

"They do."

"Well, they have evened up with me, and now if they will let me alone I shall think it very kindly of them."

Obedience.

Pat, just returned from the trenches with his head swathed in bandages, was the center of attraction. "How did you get wounded?" asked a proud admirer.

"Well," said Pat, "the dirty Boche wuz raisin' Ned wit' our trinches whin our brave captain shouts 'Kape down, boys, and sthand Pat!' Ol obade."—Judge.

True Enough.

"What on earth made you pick the air service?"

"Well, if you don't like it, there are lots of chances to drop out."

Soldier-Labor Problem Solved.

A short time after the armistice was signed two "bucks" were discussing discharges and future employment.

"You know, Bill, when we get out of this man's Army and try to get our old jobs back, we may find some 'Jane' holdin' them down."

"Suits me," was the ready reply, "I'll marry the 'Jane' and let her keep the job."

Maids Are So Dishonest.

"You simply cannot trust anybody. Every one seems so dishonest nowadays," declared the woman. "My maid, in whom I had the utmost confidence, left me suddenly yesterday and took with her my beautiful pearl brooch."

"That is too bad," sympathized the friend. "Which one was it?"

"That very pretty one I smuggled thru last spring."

Branching Out.

"Does Mr. Jagsby care much about travel?"

"He didn't until recently. Jagsby used to be content to make a tour of the downtown district in a taxicab, but now that we are going to have a bone-dry nation, he's talking of enlarging his itinerary to include a few of the European capitals."

Located.

"What's become of the old-fashioned man who used to push a perambulator about the streets?"

"I saw him the other day."

"What was he doing?"

"He was cranking his flivver while his wife held the twins."

Headless Preferred.

Mrs. Newbride—"I want to get some salad."

Dealer—"Yes'm. How many heads?"

Mrs. Newbride—"Mercy! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad."

Something to Worry About.

"You used to hate work."

"I hate it yet," replied Plodding Pete. "But I'm goin' to keep at it. If you get in the habit o' loafing now, some member of the I. W. W. is liable to step up any minute an' call you 'brother.'"

His Only Hope of Getting It.

Billy—"So you refuse to marry me until I am rich?"

Milly—"Absolutely."

Billy—"And will you wait for me until I—until I get out of jail again?"—Judge.

A Natural Question.

Papa—"What the blazes is the matter with my razor?"

Small Son—"I don't know, papa, but mamma says it cuts better than the other can opener."

Some Sprinter.

Coach—"How did you develop into such a runner?"

Manager—"Running into debt and running from collectors."

The Difference.

Boss—"A bachelor is but half a man—and doesn't know it."

Bob—"And a married man is reminded of it daily."

Not Permanent.

He—"And yet when I bought it, you called it a thing of beauty."

She—"Yes, but I didn't expect it to be a joy forever."—Judge

A Kind Act.

"What did your wife give you for your birthday?"

"A little peace. She spent the day with her mother."

The Way of the World.

"This is her fourth husband."

"Yes; she's been widowed once and alimonied twice."

Recommended to Mercy.

An ex-judge had been nominated mayor in a French country district. It soon devolved upon him to sanction a marriage ceremony.

"Do you consent to marry this gentleman, young lady?" he asked amiably.

"Yes," was the reply.

Then, suddenly changing his tone to one of great severity, he said to her proposed husband: "And you, have you nothing to say in your defense?"

At Last.

The doctor coughed gravely. "I am sorry to tell you," he said, looking down at the man in bed, "that there is no doubt you are suffering from smallpox."

The patient turned on his pillow and looked up at his wife.

"Julia," he said, in a faint voice, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that at last I am in a position to give them something."

The Natural Inference.

"Who is at the phone?"

"Your wife, sir."

"What does she want?"

"The only word I can understand is 'idiot,' sir."

"Let me come there. She probably wants to talk with me."

Wouldn't Do.

Father—"I'm ashamed to see you crying because a bee stung you. Act like a man."

Bobbie—"Y-yes, and th-then you-you'd gim-me a li-lickin', like you s-said y-you would i-if you ever h-heard m-me usin' that k-kind of l-language."

Looked Encouraging.

"Has that young man who is calling on you given you any encouragement, Emily?" asked the father.

"Oh, yes, father. Last night he asked me if you and mother were pleasant to live with," replied the daughter.

Very Gentlemanly.

Mrs. Diblo—"So your husband was arrested for hittin' his friend over the head with a chair?"

Mrs. Millin—"Yes, and it's a great consolation to me to know Jim fought like a true gentleman."

Fatal Playfulness.

Gawge—"Helen and I are no longer engaged."

James—"How did that happen?"

Gawge—"She was sittting on a limb of a tree in the orchard and I broke it off."

Note to a Lady

SOME months ago, my lady fair,
I raved about your raven hair,
And swore that naught beneath the skies
Could match the wonder of your eyes.
Odes, madrigals, and sonnets too,
I wrote and rashly sent to you.

And now, altho I'm still your slave,
I would a favor humbly crave:
If you have kept my works of art,
The product of my mind and heart,
Please ship them back at my expense,
And please, my dear, don't take offense.

But—er—oh, well, the facts are these:
I'd like to try them on Louise.

—R. F. HAMILL, *in Life*.

The Difficult Part.

Silicus—"It is mighty hard to please a woman."

Cynicus—"Oh, it's easy enough if you can make her decide what she wants."

Brain Teasers.

Double Decapitations.

72—Behead twice the word supplied in first blank to fill other two blanks.

1. To tuneful Warbler's merry—
   Amid cheery sound of meadow—
   His heavy heart accordeth—
2. "Pshaw," said the silly little—
   "What need of making such a—
   If for a moment I peep—"
3. "Why should I fear the angler's—
   I'm not big enough to—
   Nor care to borrow future—'
4. Why sit so silent on the—
   Give me some music, Birdie—
   On all around the sun's light—
   Is gayly shining—
5. The gloomy shades of darkness—
   Earth, with a flood of sunshine—
   Finds many a voice to welcome—
   Why, then, still pining?

Word Puzzle.

73—Form the following letters into one word using the same letter but once. N—E—W—D—O—O—R

Hidden Gems.

74—How many gems are hidden in the following:

1. "Tell me, O palmist," I said to the jaded and shabby fortune-teller, "are my present endeavors a gateway to success and shall I make my way to the top a zigzag path or a straight road?"

2. "Altho I know not thy name, thy steps will lead to success only by the road of perseverance Aye, There's the rub, your patience is little and your ambition great."

3. He threw down his cigar, nettled by Jasper's question. "While I am not starved, I am on daily rations and have not tasted a pear, lemon or grape, tho they are plentiful in our district."

4. Cora liked the hat, but for an auto tour maline and ribbon would hardly be practical and she came onto a little toque that seemed more suited to her purpose.

How many gems can you find hidden in the above?

Hot Cross Buns.

75—Hot cross-buns, hot cross-buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross-buns.
If your daughters don't like them,
Give them to your sons.
Two a penny, three a penny,
Hot cross-buns.
I had as many daughters
As I had sons.
So I gave them seven pennies
To buy their hot-cross-buns.
The inference is clear that there are three kinds of buns—one for a penny, two for a penny, and three for a penny. There were just as many boys as girls and they were given seven pennies, so that they might all have the same number of buns. How many buns did each receive?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

68. Charade.

Earnest

69. A Poser.

He bought 15 goats, 25 chickens and 10 pigs.

70. Four Word Square.

IDEA
DEAR
EARL
ARLO

71. Beheadings.

1. Slumber, lumber, umber. 2. Spark, park, ark. 3. Usage, sage, age.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

The Exception.

"Nothing is made in vain," exclaimed the alienist.

"Mebby so," rejoined Uncle Bill Bottletop. "But I'm sorry for anybody that has been puttin' up a distillery."

Shameful.

Two very pretty girls met on the street and kissed each other rapturously. Two young men watched the meeting. "There's another of those things that are so unfair," said one.

"What is that?" said his friend.

He pointed to the scene. "Women doing men's work."

Of Course.

He—"What is your highest ambition?"

She—"Six feet one and just released."

Farmer (at market)—"Why, Mrs. Giles, you're a proper old stranger, you be. Ain't seen you down along for weeks."

Mrs. Giles—"No. What with the cows, an' the pigs, an' my old man, an' the other live stock, I ain't been getting much time off now!"

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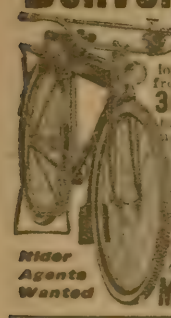

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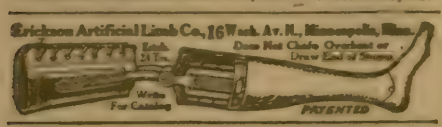

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The Double Squeeze

(Continued From Page 8)

the upper promenade deck, listing at $700 for the voyage to Naples. It was the finest suite on the ship.

There was, however, nothing undemocratic about Miss Riley. Altho she was the most fascinating person on the ship, she didn't let that bother her. Her mother was a subdued, almost timid, woman past middle age, who had a habit of fading into the furniture and becoming a stationary part of her surroundings. She was easily the best listener on the boat. Her daughter was devoted to her, and Mrs. Riley plainly showed that her interest was restricted to her "Girlie," as she called her daughter.

Necessarily, first impressions prevail largely at sea. Unless a person is preceded aboard ship by a reputation with a wide circulation, he is known and estimated by what appears to his fellow voyagers. Nothing was known about Mrs. and Miss Riley. But they occupied the most costly rooms on the ship, and, altho they dressed simply, it was that simplicity for which tailors and modistes charge the highest prices. "Wealthy people," was the ship's verdict.

Miss Riley's beauty, which, of course, endeared her to the masculine element, for some reason did not detract from her favor with the women. They liked her because she never failed to "notice" them. "She's nice to every one," was another general observation. Finally, and this was perhaps the real test, she was considerate of the servants. The deck steward hovered about Mrs. Riley continually, simply because Miss Riley was too active to require much of his service. The room steward so fortunate as to look after A 9 and 15 was in constant argument with the pantryman on account of his raids for delicacies. It was within reason to say of her: "Gee, she's a swell girl."

Win Shute was not one of those who worshiped from afar. Just as in baseball he was in the game every minute, so in this new game he played it assiduously. The day of his interview with the captain he had performed a slight favor for Mrs. Riley, the ubiquitous steward being off duty. This led to an introduction to "my daughter," and that resulted in the transformation of the voyage. From the first he got on swimmingly with Miss Riley. They seemed to "perform in the points," as he put it, "like a veteran battery."

"What's a battery?" asked Miss Riley.

Win Shute was amazed, but he cheerfully explained: "Pitcher and catcher. Aren't you a baseball fan?"

'I never saw a game in my life," she confessed.

"You've got something coming to you," said Win.

"You can't get me excited about any game to watch. I'm devoted to tennis and golf, and I played hockey and basket-ball at school. But I played—I didn't merely look on. A baseball fan must be the laziest sort of human being: he runs away from his business, and then he hasn't the energy or the get-up to play. He sits idly by as other persons exert themselves. It's too vicarious for me."

"Too what?" asked Win, who was far from joyous over the turn of the discussion.

"Vicarious—letting a substitute play for you."

"I never let a substitute play for me if I can help it," boasted Win. Then he pulled himself up short and shifted the conversation to astronomy. He had flunked it at college.

It was a decided shock to him that Miss Riley didn't care for the national game.

IF ANYTHING were needed to enhance Miss Riley's charm, it was the mystery that developed about or enveloped her the third day out. Win Shute heard of it from his room steward, who had picked it up from the waiter at the purser's table. The purser was the agent of publicity, and it was surmised that he had gleaned his intelligence from the captain. Anyhow, it was a matter that the captain and the purser would naturally talk over.

Via wireless had come an inquiry to the captain of the Colonia about a passenger. The inquiry was from the United States Government—so much was known. It concerned a young woman who was traveling with her mother. She was described in the general terms of strikingly handsome and clever. From this the descriptions varied according to the whim or imagination of the person repeating the morsel of gossip. The nub of the tale was that the young woman was a fugitive from justice!

Nothing could have been invented by the wit of man so to whet the curiosity of a seagoing bunch of lively minded people as this—that among their number was a person passing as a lady who was in reality fleeing from the clutches of the law. Indeed, one might be talking to her this every minute.

Immediately a new ship's game was started—find the fugitive. The search was carried on by a process of elimination. First the sailing list was combed for a mother and daughter. It turned out, unfortunately, that in the first cabin there were exactly twenty-one pairs of mothers and daughters. As to whether these twenty-one mothered maidens were handsome and clever, opinions differed markedly. Some of the daughters were good-looking but undeniably dull; others were clever but plain. Not half a dozen could come within range of the specifications.

When the consensus of opinion was about to pounce upon Miss Riley, who headed the list of "suspects," another bit of information leaked out. The woman wanted was a stenographer. Here the search for the guilty one began all over. Miss Riley was wealthy—her ship accomodations and her dress denoted that—so it must be some one else. But after considering the qualifications of other possibilities for hours on end, Mistress Consensus again hovered about Miss Riley. Thus the first cabin divided itself into two camps—the partisans of Miss Riley and those of "the field." But paradoxically, in this instance, partisan meant enemy.

The ship got hectic about it, and because of it Win Shute got into trouble.

He was watching the poker game in the smoking-room—"playing vicariously," he expressed it—when the loose-jointed conversation switched to the unsolved mystery of the ship—the identity of the fugitive from justice. Eventually there was an argument over the demerits of Miss Riley.

Win Shute was angry at mention of her name. To him it was contemptible that it should be dragged in and bandied about over booze and poker chips. His reason prompted him to get out before he heard anything which he would be compelled to resent, but he decided that that would be deserting a lady in distress. So he remained and bottled up his rising wrath.

Two men—one an ordinarily decent chap who had taken a little too much, and the other a cynical, self-contained man, the best poker player at the table—brought the unmanly discussion to a precipitate conclusion. There had been many references to Miss Riley, most of them complimentary in nature, and the decent but tanked-up chap had proved her champion. As a clincher he asked:

"That girl has the finest rooms on the boat. Does that look like she is a stenographer?"

The cynical man answered:

"If she is the stenog of one of them Pittsburg millionaires, it's the kind of suite you'd expect to find her in. Get me?"

There was a coarse laugh, which changed in the middle into an expression of concern. What happened was swift.

Win Shute said something in the gambler's ear and neatly slapped his face. The gambler, raging, jumped to his feet, scattering glasses and chips, which went clattering to the floor, and made a vicious pass at the interloper. With the celerity of dodging a wild pitch, Win Shute avoided the first, and, catching the gambler off his balance, floored him with a pretty uppercut. Then the gambler, blind with rage, seized a whisky bottle from the wreckage. But before he could use it his arms were pinioned from behind, and Shute was pushed out of the smoking-room.

As the loss in rum and glassware, generously estimated, was made good, and as the smoking-room steward was properly rewarded for his future reticence, the episode did not come officially before the captain. But unofficially, thru the human wireless system, the story went all over the ship. In its travel it became embellished with the ship's doctor's account, based on personal observation, of James's arrival on the ship—dead drunk.

The story did not get to Miss Riley in expurgated form. An uncomplimentary remark had been made about her—"Oh, nothing of any consequence—bless your heart, no!"—and "James" had thought himself called upon to defend her with his fists. Idiotic boy! But then—"You know, my dear, he's a terrible drinker. Yes, indeed, he was brought aboard the night we sailed so drunk that two men had to carry him—two men; the doctor saw them!"

At sea, Win makes some startling discoveries and cements his friendship with the girl. The next installment of this story appearing in the Ledger for May 17, is replete with interest and exciting situations.

R R R

Did You Ever?

A MINISTER, with two lovely girls, stood entranced by the beauties of a flowing stream. A fisherman happening by, and mistaking the minister's occupation, said: "Ketchin' many, pard?"

"I am a fisher of men," answered the preacher with dignity.

"Well," replied the fisherman, with an admiring glance at the girls, "you sure have the right bait."

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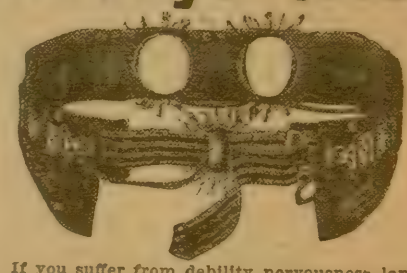

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A Triangular Courtship

By Caroline Cross

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

"MY DEAR," began Professor Thomas, and then stopped. "My dear——" he tried again and laughed apologetically. "I hardly know just what to say next," he explained to the stenographer, who was taking his dictation. "I don't want to be formal, yet I hardly dare call the lady by her first name."

"Just leave that blank now," suggested Jean Fleming. She was used to suggesting ways out of the professor's difficulties. That was part of her duties. Didn't he often say jokingly that it was she who put whatever fine there was in his "History of the Fine Arts?"

"I rather like the sound of 'My dear,' the professor decided; and he looked out of the window, a dreamy smile on his face.

Jean was accustomed to these lapses in his dictation, but this beginning was most startling. What did it mean?

"I'm not doing the thing at all according to Hoyle, but you, who know me so well, won't expect me to do as other men would," the dictation went on. "I may not 'write like an angel,' but I know I 'talk like poor Poll.'"

"What is coming next?" queried Jean of herself, but her face remained as impassive as ever.

"Therefore, when I attempt to tell any one as business-like and efficient as yourself that I love her——" here the voice stopped.

"I love her." The ringing tones of the man opposite made Jean's fingers fly faster than ever. She did not dare look up or turn around. But her thoughts raced on even faster than her fingers.

"'Business-like, efficient.' So Mrs. McFarlane had caught him at last. Well, goodness knows, she's worked hard enough. And she's some manager! The whole town knows that."

"Since I've been working with you I've come to realize what a true helpmeet you are, and I've learned to admire and love you." Here the professor's voice became low and tender. "To love you more and more," he repeated, "to——"

A jarring telephone bell broke in on this last sentiment.

"Can't a man have a minute's quiet?" expostulated the professor, as he stalked across the room to answer the peremptory summons.

"Are You Asking Some One to Lend You Money?" Asked a Voice From the Doorway.

MEANWHILE Jean was trying to get the thing straight. Ever since Mrs. McFarlane, a fair and buxom widow, had been acting president of the Dramatic Arts Society, with Professor Thomas as the honorary head, she had appropriated the professor of English literature as her special property. She had pursued her game to the very precincts of his study, where she plied her arts and glances under the guise of seeking light on some obscure Shakespearian passage.

It was with a nervous tapping of his foot, a movement of his fingers on the chair-arm, that the professor resumed his interrupted letter. "I'm bashful, tongue-tied and a poor stick in general. Last night I resolved that tomorrow, the moment you came into the study, I would tell you how I feel; but my courage fails me, so I'm using this subterfuge instead."

Instantly Jean had a vision of Mrs. McFarlane, carefully tailored, marceled, and in her "war-paint," bidding Professor Thomas farewell the morning before.

"I'm going to run in tomorrow morning if you have a minute to spare," she had said, as she shook hands. "I've a perfectly sweet idea for our next club entertainment, and I'm so anxious to talk it over with you."

"Can't you give me just a little encouragement?" Jean was conscious the professor was dictating again. "Can't you——"

"Are you asking some one to lend you some money?" asked a voice from the doorway. "Such pleading tones ought to get almost anything. Your housekeeper told me to come right along."

"I'm afraid I was asking for more than money," answered the professor, as he came forward politely.

"Oh, Professor Thomas!" His visitor went to the point at once. "You know we have our open meeting next month and I've been trying to think up something original and clever. Finally I hit on this: Why can't we have some tableaux from famous Shakespearian courtships?"

The professor had been watching Jean as she bent over the typewriter.

"Maybe you're not much interested in courtships," Mrs. McFarlane coyly intimated.

"On the contrary, I'm much interested if I'm allowed to do the courting," he heartily responded.

"Oh, you've guessed my little scheme," and the widow blushed and modestly looked down at the floor. Laura Potter is rather thin and weird looking. She might do for Ophelia and her young man could be Hamlet. My friends tell me I don't look a day over twenty-seven. Now if you'd consider being Romeo, I might——"

The look on the professor's face, as well as his startled "I really couldn't do that," made her change her tactics.

"I don't know as we ought to try any of those very young parts," she went on; then, very archly, "Wasn't there a widow somewhere in some of the plays?"

MEANWHILE Jean had been wondering what to do with the letter. Did he want to hand it over to the lady at once? She had often thought her employer impractical, whimsical, yet chivalrous and sympathetic. Such men as he were always easy prey for designing women. Couldn't she save him somehow?

But she had to smile as she heard the professor suggest something about Lady Anne in "Richard III."

A little frown appeared on Mrs. McFarlane's white brow. "I never thought Richard III had much romance in him," she said. "I shouldn't like to think of your being such a villain."

"I should say not," he hastily agreed "I wouldn't be any good in any part." And then he turned to Jean.

"By the way, Miss Fleming, I didn't give you the address for that letter I was dictating. I'm very anxious to get an immediate reply." He handed Jean a slip of paper on which he had scribbled a few words.

It was a dazed young lady, not at all the "business-like, efficient" stenographer, who read: "The letter is for you, Jean, dear. Didn't you know it all the time?"

What could she say or do while that awful woman was there? Quickly she slipped a sheet of paper into her machine and began to write.

Finding the subject of courtships had been unproductive of any tangible results, Mrs. McFarlane looked around the room for another topic. "Oh, Miss Fleming," she began, "do you use the touch system?"

"I would suggest," broke in Professor Thomas, "that Miss Fleming writes with feeling."

"You do make such funny jokes," gurgled the widow.

"Excuse me," and Professor Thomas looked over Jean's shoulder.

"Dear Professor Thomas," he read. "I am so surprised, so overcome, I can't think what to say or how to say it. If——"

"Oh, Professor Thomas," called Mrs. McFarlane from the bookcase, "there is a book on costumes here that will be just the thing for us."

"Yes," he murmured politely, his eyes on that sheet of paper.

"If I had any idea that the letter was for me," he read on, "I should have been better able to explain to you. I couldn't think of such a thing——"

"Yes, Mrs. McFarlane, I'm coming." His tone was very quiet.

Jean's heart smote her as she watched him walk toward the bookcase. The light in his eye, the spring in his step, was gone. She realized he had not seen beyond the words she had written.

Her fingers flew for a minute. Then she called: "I think this is ready now, Professor. Will you please look it over and see if it meets with your approval?"

Instantly he was at her side again.

"I couldn't think of such a thing just yet," he read, "but you have taken me so unawares, I can't think of any excuse to put you off and make you wait. The rest I'll tell you when we are alone."

Under the cover of the desk his hand found hers.

Mrs. McFarlane looked up from her book to see two very absorbed people

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bending over a typewriter. She heard the Professor say: "Yes, that suits me perfectly."

"I fear I must be going," she observed, as she pulled her fur closer around her neck. Really the air was a little chilly. "It may be, Professor, you are too busy to help us."

"No, indeed," was his reply, as he bowed her out. "I'm quite an expert on courtships. In fact I almost think I might be persuaded to give a private performance of Romeo, to Jean's Juliet. How about it, Jean, dear?" And he smiled at Jean, who was still sitting at the desk.

But Mrs. McFarlane insisted on having the last word as she sailed out of the door. "I'm really afraid I'll have to think up something else for our entertainment," she paused to say sweetly. "The idea of courtships is such an old-fashioned one, don't you think, and so likely to be overdone?"

Making a Home.

"IT'S a real home, Cornelia. I couldn't give higher praise. Lots of people have gorgeously furnished apartments, but the charm of home is seldom there. But here"—Mrs. Connery waved her hand expressively—"you have solid comfort combined with beauty."

Her glance rested appreciatively on the soft toned rugs, lustrous hangings, deep tufted, inviting easy chairs and lingered long on the huge jade vase filled with golden blossoms—the touch of color the room needed.

"There's an atmosphere of peace and rest——"

"You feel it, too?" asked Cornelia eagerly. "My dear, I want to tell you all about it now. I couldn't before. I was afraid to voice my plans until I knew for sure that Bob would soon be back. This little home has been growing in my heart since the day he sailed. I made a vow then that if he returned he'd have a real home to come to. If he were wounded or crippled he'd need it, and if he were well he'd want it.

"All this awful year I've hoped and prayed that Bob would be spared to me. Then," Cornelia laughed nervously, "when the fighting stopped and I got my cable from him I almost died of joy. Such a load was lifted from my heart. If he had been among those who never return I should have felt always and forever that I was being punished for my great selfishness."

"Selfishness!" exclaimed Mrs. Connery.

"I mean it," Cornelia returned, solemnly. "You lifted the scales from my eyes the day I told you about my insisting on Bob's claiming exemption. What you said about my preferring a suite in a hotel, and my financial independence, to solving housekeeping problems, has haunted me ever since, for Bob did want a little home so badly—and I just couldn't see it. Many's the night I've sobbed myself to sleep, and dreamed that he and I were keeping house, and that I was wearing big gingham aprons, and cooking—and everything—and then I'd wake up to loneliness and suspense.

"It isn't only the soldiers whose point of view has changed, my dear; the wives and sweethearts have gone thru readjustment periods as well. So this is the result of my planning in long, sleepless hours, and I'm so glad you like my things. I'm simply wild about Bob's chair; it's just the kind he's always raved about." Cornelia caressed the arm lovingly.

"How are you going to manage?" asked Mrs. Connery. "Being a housewife and business woman at the same time rather clash, you know."

"Oh," Cornelia smiled happily. "I've given up my position for good. Nineteen nineteen is the dawn of a new era so far as Bob and I are concerned. Hereafter he is going to be the sole support of this family. I've resigned. A returned soldier is taking my place—he knows a little about our business, and I'm going to stay until he becomes accustomed to routine again. Then, its Cornelia and the kitchen range forever afterward.

"You know," she went on earnestly, "it's really quite necessary that we women without responsibilities give up our positions now, for there are so many soldiers' dependents who will have to earn their living and the least we can do is to give them their chance. Women learn quickly; they'll soon qualify, I'm sure."

Mrs. Connery's eyes glistened. "I'm proud of you, dear," she said, softly. "Giving up your position was not easy, I know, especially now when your ambition was about to be realized. Mr. Mallory told John about the wonderful proposition he made you, and we've been so afraid that you'd keep right on working, living in a hotel, and never knowing the joy and real happiness of home-making."

Cornelia smiled mistily. "Ambition doesn't count—personal success doesn't count—nothing matters but the one big fact that Bob has always wanted a home and that he's coming home to one. He'll be so happy and so surprised—he left a selfish, mercenary wife and now he's coming back to—to——"

"Cornelia of the kitchen range," teased Mrs. Connery.

Stories for the Ledger Boys and Girls

A Race for Life

"WHY, Mary Haskins, I don't believe a word of it!"

Mary's eyes snapped angrily. "Grandad Haskins said it was so," she retorted, "and I guess he ought to know!" Then, balancing herself upon her skates, she turned abruptly and skated down the pond.

Bertha watched the flying figure.

"Mad!" she exclaimed. "Well, I never! Pooh! Who cares, anyway?" And she began to laugh as "the rope" came swinging around the bend and, catching the hand of the end skater, she fell into step.

"The rope" was composed of a long line of girls and boys holding hands and keeping step to the music of the clink, clink of their skates upon the ice; all who could skate were welcome, for "the rope" never cliqued, consequently on pleasant days the string sometimes stretched from bank to bank, and lone or pair skaters were obliged to stoop while the shouting line of girls and boys raised hands and skated by them.

But today the skaters upon the pond were few, for the weather was intensely cold and Old Sol had not once looked out from behind the dull curtain of clouds. "The rope," which was far from its usual size, began to dissolve till Bertha alone remained. Glancing about her in the twilight, she discerned Mary sitting upon the opposite bank.

"Ho-hu-hu!" she called. "Going home, Mary?" The brisk exercise had removed all traces of anger from the girls' minds.

"Yes!" Mary called back, swinging her skates. "I've been waiting; ready?"

The girls lived side by side down the pike and were in the habit of going home together.

"Suppose we take the half-mile down the pond, then cut across Bramble's woods and run down the pike, it's rather late tonight?" Bertha suggested, and as Mary assented she helped her to rebuckle her skates, and soon they were ready to start.

The girls linked arms and struck out. "One! Two! One! Two!" Mary counted, and their skates clinked musically.

"Mary," Bertha said after a short interval of silence, "did Grandad Haskins really tell you that?"

"Yes, honest, true, Bertha! He said that every year on the second day of February the groundhog comes out of his hole in the woods, and if the sun is shining and he sees his shadow he goes back in his hole again to sleep, but if there is no sun like today then he stays out, because that means spring will soon be here."

"Umph!" Bertha answered with an incredulous shrug of her shoulders, "if he comes out today he'll freeze to death, and I daresay he'll be glad enough to go back again."

They had reached the point where they must reach the pond. The moon, rising, with its white, steady light, made ghostly shadows of the leafless trees along the banks and down the beaten woodland path.

The girls removed their skates and started thru the woods. Suddenly Bertha gasped and grasped Mary's arm.

"Mary," she whispered, "what's that? Did you hear?"

"Yes," Mary whispered back, and their eyes scanned the woods on either side of the path. For a moment all was quiet, and they heard the snapping of twigs in the underbrush and a low "Ge-gew-ge-gew," as from the shadows of the trees a huge, black waddling form emerged. With one accord the girls clasped hands, then a terrified shriek rent the air and two pairs of legs were flying over the frozen ground. But, alas! the fatal skates which dangled from each girl's arm had played havoc with the usually agile feet, and these numbed members now refused to do their duty as the girls stumblingly dragged each other forward. Steadily the animal was gaining upon them and they could almost feel its hot breath upon their legs.

"The groundhog! The groundhog! Oh, Mary! Mary!" Bertha wailed thru her chattering teeth.

Mary glanced back over her shoulder, then loosening the strap of her skates she stopped for a moment and took aim. They hit their mark and a frightful succession of "ge-gaw" grunts and squeals rang out in the darkness. The pursuer stopped long enough to smell at the offending missile and this gained time for the girls. They reached the smooth pike and now their progress was more rapid. Down the road a light shone from the front window of Mary's home. A moment more and they dashed up the garden walk with the animal close at their heels.

"Save us! Save us!" Bertha faintly screamed as they fell against the front door, which gave way under their combined weight and the girls scrambling to their feet slammed it shut after them. Then exhausted, they dropped down upon the rug in the firelight.

The door opened from the kitchen and Mrs. Haskins poked her head into the room.

"Land sakes, girls, what a noise you two do make! Where you been, anyway, Mary? You ought to have been home long ago helping your grandad look for that hog of his. He forgot and left the pigpen unfastened, and it got out and ran away; ain't you seen it nowhere?"

Big eyed, the girls looked at each other, then both maintained a sheepish silence.

"What's the matter? Can't you answer your ma when she talks?" Mrs. Haskins asked irritably.

"I—I guess we saw it in the front yard, mother. I—I guess it's out there now," Mary stammered.

And there it was, rubbing its fat sides along the fence rails, blissfully unconscious that it had been mistaken for the insignificant little gray animal commonly called the groundhog.

As Mrs. Haskins went out to drive grandad's treasure back into its pen the girls rolled over on the rug in a fit of suppressed laughter.

Wise Child.

LITTLE ANIIE had been having trouble with her lessons, and had turned for assistance to her big brother. He did the sums for her, handed her the paper and resumed his reading. She was soon back at his side, however, and he inquired:

"What's the matter; aren't they all right?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. They are ever so nice; but won't you please put a few mistakes in, so that teacher will think I did it?"

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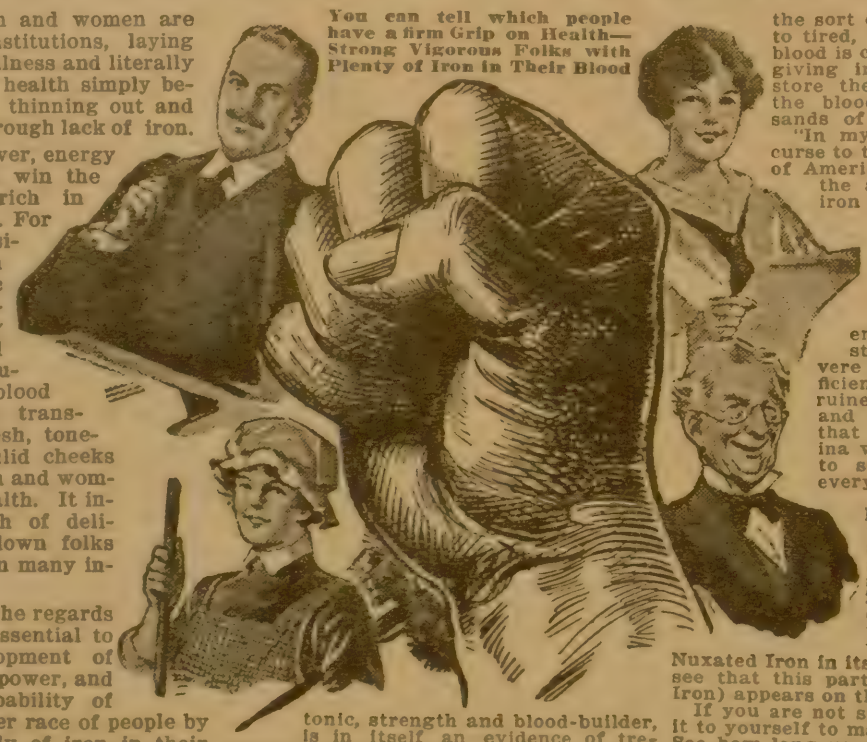

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In explaining why he regards iron as absolutely essential to the greatest development of physical and mental power, and discussing the probability of building up a stronger race of people by increasing the supply of iron in their blood, Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon, Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey, says:

"Iron is absolutely necessary to change food into living tissue, muscle and brain. Refined foods and modern methods of cooking have robbed us of much of the iron which Nature intended we should receive and for supplying this deficiency and increasing the red blood corpuscles I know of nothing more effective than organic iron—Nuxated Iron. From a careful examination of the formula and my own tests of Nuxated Iron, I feel convinced that it is a preparation which any physician can take himself or prescribe for his patients with the utmost confidence of obtaining highly beneficial and satisfactory results. The fact that Nuxated Iron is today being used by over three million people annually as a tonic, strength and blood-builder, is in itself an evidence of tremendous public confidence and I am convinced that if others would take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak and run-down it would help make a nation of stronger, healthier men and women."

Commenting on the use of Nuxated Iron as a tonic, strength and blood-builder, Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, said:

"Thousands are held back in life for want of sufficient iron in the blood. A weak body means weakened will power, and like the race horse beaten by a nose, many a capable man or woman falls just short of winning because they don't back up their mentality with the physical strength and energy which come from having plenty of iron in the blood. That irritable twitch, that fit of despondency, that dizzy, fearful feeling—these are the sort of signals nature gives to tired, listless folks when the blood is clamoring for strength-giving iron—more iron to restore the health by enriching the blood and creating thousands of new red blood cells.

"In my opinion the greatest curse to the health and strength of American people of today is the alarming deficiency of iron in their blood. It is through iron in the red coloring matter of the blood that life-sustaining oxygen enters the body. Without iron there is no strength, vitality and endurance to combat obstacles or withstand severe strains. Lack of sufficient iron in the blood has ruined many a man's nerves and utterly robbed him of that virile force and stamina which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life.

"Therefore I strongly advise those who feel the need of a strength and blood builder to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package."

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have most astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had, in some cases, been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron recommended above is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

By Law of Tooth and Talon

(Continued From Page 10)

upon. The girl took a taxi to the edge of town and there dismissed it. When the driver had turned the machine around and was on his way back to the city, a big touring car, driven by Alfred Graham, drew up, paused only long enough for the girl to step on board and was off again like a shot, to prowl along slowly upon lightly traveled roads, while Stella and Charlton talked. When they had finished Graham would drive them to a little town upon an interurban railroad. On its edge, the girl would alight and walk to the station where she would take a train back to the city. Charlton and Graham would return by motor. The latter part of the scheme Charlton explained as soon as she was seated by his side in the car.

"It's rather rough on you, sweetheart," (he whispered the last word lest Graham overheard) "but it is best that we take no chances. Now go ahead and tell me all you know."

Graham had throttled down the engine until it was barely audible, for it was thought best that he should hear the entire conversation in case anything went wrong and Charlton was unable to make a prompt report to Chief Milton.

"The day for the big doings is set," began Stella. "It is next Friday, only three days away. In some way the Inner Council has learned that Neilson and Lebrune got away with all its funds, and it has been decided to strike with all its strength at once before the men who have been promised large sums for their part begin to demand their money. If all should go off according to schedule, which we know it is not going to do, the Council figures on getting enough money in its hands to pay off. If the plans should fall thru, as the fat president remarked, the Council doesn't care whether the I. W. W. leaders ever get their money."

"Which simple statement of fact I'll bet is a quick way of describing what must have been a riot when the Council met," grinned Charlton.

Stella laughed at the recollection that evoked.

"Riot is a mild word," she replied. "For a moment I thought the fat man was going to swell up and burst. The news was broken by a woman member of the council. Seems like she had been given a check for five hundred dollars signed by Lebrune and Neilson weeks ago and hadn't cashed it, or even tried to, until yesterday. There was something funny about that, too, according to her story. The Council had voted to give her the money and she had insisted upon getting it at once. That was at a meeting of the Council. Neilson tried to put her off until the next day, saying he would give her the cash then, but Lebrune sided in with her and so Neilson gave in, wrote out a check which both he and Lebrune signed, and Lebrune handed it over to her. Neilson tried to talk her out of it on one pretext or another before they parted and finally got her to agree to bring it to his office the next day and get cash for it. That night Neilson was arrested.

"Well, Mrs. Peabody went down to the bank on which the check was drawn yesterday, and I'll bet she raised an awful howl when she was told there never had been any account there in the name of the company behind which Neilson and Lebrune were supposed to be hiding. Mrs. Peabody is no fool and she knew in what banks the fund was supposed to be deposited. She made the round of them and everywhere she learned the same thing. She was fairly boiling over last night and she could hardly wait for the Council to be gathered together before she hopped to her feet and shot off her mouth. Finally the fat fellow got tired of trying to stop her line of talk and he pulled out five bills from his pocket and threw them at her. That stopped her all right, as soon as she had counted the money and found it amounted to five hundred dollars."

"That seems to be what they are all after—money," remarked Graham, drily. "Go ahead. I didn't mean to interrupt."

"THE Council decided it would never do to ask the Presidents' Council for more money at this time. A million and a quarter is big money, and the high moguls might think some one was milking them if they were told that the Council here was broke. Oh, I put up a beautiful speech to them along that line. I figured the less money they had the less they could do. So we Bolshevists," sarcastically, "are planning to give you a little bit of the hot place on a bobtail flush. In other words, the Council is going to bluff along without the money.

"Now as to the plans for Friday. Each of the eighteen members of the Council is supposed to pass the word on to certain leaders to have his gang posted downtown to start a riot promptly at noon. The blowing of the factory whistles is the signal. A dozen big buildings are marked for dynamiting, one after another, in order to scare the people. Here is a list of them." She passed over a slip of paper. "I was made secretary of the meeting so it wasn't very hard to get it," she explained, then resumed her story. "All of us have orders to tell our people to stay away from the neighborhood when the time comes for the bombs to go off. You bet our precious brethren and sisters haven't any intention of risking their own necks, even if they don't care how many others are killed or hurt."

Graham shuddered. "How can you sit there and tell such horrible details so calmly?" he asked. "My very blood runs cold at the thought of what these devils are willing to do."

"Because that's as far as it's going," replied the girl. "I've sat around that table and planned murder and bombing and seeing places on fire so much lately, that I'm quite hardened. But with all their plans known in advance, they won't be able to do a thing, will they, Ralph? Oh," as she realized her slip in calling Charlton by his first name.

"Er—er—no they won't, Miss Lathrop," he replied as stiffly and formally as he could. Not even Graham had been taken into their confidence. But that clever young man was not overlooking anything. He jammed on the brakes with a suddenness that almost jolted them out of their seats. Very gravely he turned so as to face them, and he was removing the glove from his right hand.

"Children, you are holding out on me," he accused them. "Now, dad and I had it all fixed up that Miss Lathrop was coming to live at our house and that I was going to be her big brother, you know. Charlton, what the dickens are you so flustered about? And, Miss Lathrop, you are blushing furiously. Now there's my hand right in front of you, Charlton. I dare you to refuse to take it and say that congratulations are not in order. Ah, I thought so. God bless you both and may you be happy forever and ever. But it's going to be a hard blow for dad at that."

So they had to tell him all about it before he would let Stella resume her story.

"At the same time that the buildings are dynamited a committee is to call on the mayor and demand that he turn the city government over to it to establish a Soviet rule. If he refuses, he will have to take the responsibility for what will follow, according to the way they have it framed up. That's about all. Oh, yes, I was about to forget the most important thing. Every one who is in on the play is to wear one of these things so that there will be no mistaking who is who." She produced a little rosette of red ribbon. "Here is the list of those I am to pass orders on to. Twenty of them, all the leaders of gangs of crooks. Some of them I know, some I don't. But they are all bought up to do as they are told. They'll start the ball rolling and every thug and thief and gunman in the city will follow suit, and by nightfall, Friday, the city will be a veritable hell unless we block them."

"Where are you to meet them to pass on these orders?" asked Charlton quickly. "We've got to move fast. I think the chief has thousands of men where he can mobilize them on an hour's notice, but I want to get this information to him at once. Graham, start the car and drive to where Stella is to quit us. Then we'll start for the city at once."

"I'm to meet them one at a time in the back room of 'Silver Danny's' saloon," she explained, as the car gathered momentum. "I'll be there Thursday night at 8 o'clock. Then every ten minutes a man will come into the place, walk thru the barroom to the back room, get his orders and leave by the back way."

"And we'll have men outside to nail them just as fast as they come out," promised Charlton. "Now, quick, do you know where the other members of the Council are to meet the persons on their lists?"

"No. But you know who all the others are and where they live. Can't some one trail them Thursday night to the place and then arrange to arrest those to whom the orders have been given?"

"Yes, that's a good plan. Here is where you get out, Stella. Graham, I think you ought to look at your back tires and see if they are all right." With a grin the other got out and walked around behind the car. Quickly Charlton's arms went around the girl and their lips met.

"Good-by, dear," she said. "You'll be careful, won't you? I won't see you again until this is all over unless something very important comes up. But Friday night, if all goes well, come to the hotel for me and I'll be leaving it forever."

"Please God, I'll be there," he replied, huskily. "And you, darling, keep a stiff upper lip for a day or two longer and don't lose your nerve. You have done great work so far, girl of mine. And don't be alarmed when you meet these men Thursday night. Pass on the word to them just as the Inner Council has directed. The orders will never be carried out. And now, good-by."

He helped her out of the car, and, hats in hand, both men stood watching her for a moment as she walked up the road. Then she turned, waved a hand at them, and was gone around a bend.

"Now, Graham," said Charlton, and they leaped into the car. "Turn around and drive for the city. Drive, man, as if all the imps of hell were after you. Every minute is precious. We have but three days left in which to balk the most desperate thing which has struck at our country since Germany embroiled the world in war."

CHAPTER XIX

THE GOVERNMENT ACTS.

THURSDAY night. A gentle rain was falling. In "Silver Danny's" saloon the usual motley crowd was assembled. Those who were drinking lined the bar, two deep. Those who were merely whiling the time away sat at some of the tables playing pitch, or seven-up, or pinochle, just as they usually sat and played six nights a week. There was nothing in the air to indicate that this was one of twenty places in the city where plotters had chosen to dispense instructions which within a few hours would turn a great American city into a shambles.

In the very back room where "The Gray Wolf" had hired "Big Louie" Vogel to kidnap Judge Graham and thus had started the train of events which led to the deaths of both of them and the nullifying of plans which Lebrune had spent months in perfecting, sat Stella Lathrop. A little pale of face, perhaps; a little fearful of a slip that might permit the monster to carry out its plans after all, but comforted in the knowledge that almost at her elbow, separated from her by only a wall, stood the mighty arm of the United States Government as represented by half a dozen operatives of the Department of Justice.

Charlton had hoped that he would be assigned to this place that he might be near the woman he loved, but Chief Milton had decreed that he should do more important work.

Into "Silver Danny's" strolled Leary, "the Rat," leader of as desperate a band of cutthroats as ever preyed upon a community. Well dressed, debonnair, easy speaking, no one would have suspected that this gentlemanly looking chap would kill as easily as he would toss off a drink. He nodded to one or two acquaintances, swelled visibly at the awed looks of others and strolled across the floor to the room in back.

Five minutes later, with a typewritten sheet of instructions in his pocket—evidence that was to send him to Federal prison for a long term, had he but known it—he bowed punctiliously to Stella, opened the door into the alley and stepped into the arms of the waiting Government officers. Handcuffs upon his wrists, a gag in his mouth, he was hustled down the alley to a waiting closed car which whirled him away to a place of safe-keeping. It was not the usual police station, but a grim, forbidding looking structure of stone that once had been a hospital for the insane.

The very grounds in which the building stood were literally encircled by United States troops, infantrymen armed

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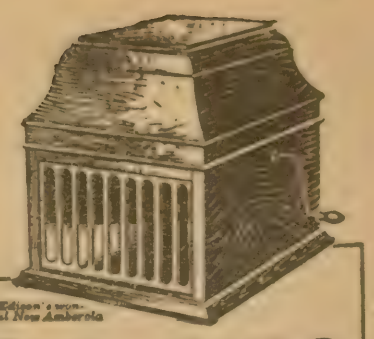

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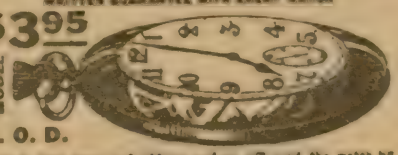

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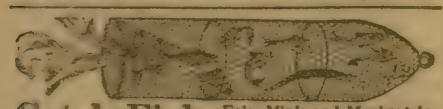

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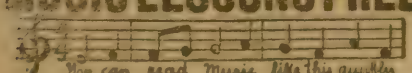

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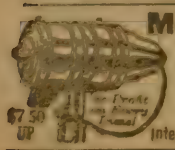

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with loaded rifles, machine gunners placed so as to command every avenue of approach, yet all of them so hidden that a spooning couple, strolling past on the sidewalk, did not notice anything unusual.

Leary, "the Rat," unceremoniously bundled out of the car, booked at a desk just inside the building, found himself thrust into a room where others of his ilk were also held. Here other soldiers, rifles and bayonets ready for action, stood on guard.

"No talking, no yelling, nothing but silence out of you," crisply spoke up the sergeant who turned the key in the door and admitted Leary. "One crack of any kind and it's either a bayonet between your ribs or a bullet thru your heart. The men have orders."

And Leary, looking into the stern faces of these men in khaki, shrugged his shoulders, picked out a corner of the walls and sat down. He knew what all this portended and he knew that the game was up.

And what happened to Leary happened to nineteen others who entered "Silver Danny's" by the front door and emerged by the rear. Some of them fought and struggled, but most of them were taken so by surprise that they were prisoners and on their way in the closed car which always was waiting near the mouth of the alley before they realized just what had happened.

WHAT happened at "Silver Danny's" happened at other places in the city at the same time. And so quietly was it all done that not one breath of what was happening leaked out into the underworld or reached the ears of the human wolves who sat gloating inwardly over the smooth manner in which they had schemed and how the entire world would know within forty-eight hours that a big American city had at last been placed under the red banner of anarchy and Bolshevism.

For when Charlton had told Stella that Chief Milton had at his command thousands of men, tested and found of pure gold, he knew whereof he spoke.

With the end of the war the American Protective League, the volunteer organization which had proved of invaluable help to the Department of Justice during those trying days of 1917 and 1918, had disbanded as an organization and its members had returned to their usual lives, their duty well done.

But their inspectors, their captains, their lieutenants had retained the names and addresses and telephone numbers of all of their men. It had required but one request from Chief Milton to the former chief of this great organization to have all its machinery in motion immediately. The chief had notified the inspectors; the inspectors had notified the captains and they, in turn, had passed the word on to their operatives thru the lieutenants and all over the city the members of the League began holding themselves in readiness for whatever might come.

It was these men who had so quietly and so expeditiously taken into custody the men upon whom the Bolshevists depended for the execution of their nefarious plans. And, their work completed, they had melted away, singly and in pairs, and sought their homes for a few hours of rest before the morrow should bring to them other and even greater duties to perform.

Meanwhile the members of the Inner Council, wholly unaware of the fact that their most secret plans had been made an open book to the Government, were gathering in their meeting place in the cellar of the radical bookstore; gathering to report to the fat president that his words had been obeyed, that the word had gone forth to the anarchists, the I. W. W., the radical Socialists, the denizens of the underworld that on the morrow, sharply at noon, their hour would strike and they would be turned loose upon a defenseless and unprepared city to wreak their will.

"It's good, very good," exclaimed the fat man as he checked off the names of each of them as he or she came forward and reported. He rubbed his pudgy hands together and licked his chops in anticipation, while the rolls of fat under his chin quivered with suppressed excitement. "Tomorrow we shall strike. Tomorrow, it is the day. 'Der tag,' we call it in the language of my country. 'Der tag' it was to have been with Germany. But Germany failed. We shall not fail! The whole world shall hear of us tomorrow and where we lead others will follow, and we shall come into our own."

He hoisted himself out of his chair, his heels clicked together and he saluted stiffly in the manner of those who salute in the German army. Stella, watching him narrowly, could almost picture him in the uniform of the Prussian army he once had worn.

"It is best that we now go home and rest," he concluded. "Tomorrow we meet again, just within the doors of the city hall, at 11:45. In a body we shall proceed to the office of the mayor and demand that he turn over to us the reins of government. He will hear the roar of big buildings crashing to the ground, he will hear the bullets of our men whistling thru the air and he will not dare to refuse."

He bowed all around and left the room. At intervals they followed him and none of them sensed the fact that as they proceeded to their homes they were dogged by silent shadows that would not abandon them until the knell of their cause had been sounded.

All but Stella. For she left the bookstore last, happy in the knowledge that this was her last night of anxiety and worry, that the sun of tomorrow would rise for her upon the brightest day of her life.

CHAPTER XX.

RIGHT IS MIGHT.

THE hands of the clock were drawing close to the hour of noon on Friday. In the big buildings downtown the workers were waiting for the moment when they would flow out of their offices and stores and shops and spout out the doors to the street in the search of their daily lunch. As is usual at that time of day, crowds that had been sluggish began to display signs of animation and to move more briskly along the streets, which were beginning to fill.

Here and there in the crowd were hundreds, no, thousands, of men and women wearing in conspicuous places upon their clothing inconspicuous knots of red baby ribbon. Just little touches of color to which no one, noticing them, would devote more than a passing thought. But had those so marked been searched suspicious bulges in hip pockets and coats would have proved to be wicked-looking revolvers, loaded all around, and other pockets would have yielded up cartridges by the handfuls.

They mingled with the crowds quietly and attracted no attention. Also mingling with the crowds were other men, not marked in any way, whose pockets also bulged. Wherever the red ribbons were thickest, there, also, were most of these other men. And they, too, sauntered along, attracting no particular attention.

Suddenly, in concert, the noon whistles boomed out their shrill notice. Instantly, as if by magic, the quiet looking men without the red ribbons displayed revolvers and upon their coats, in plain view of all who cared to see, the eagle-surmounted shields of the United States Government sprang into sight. It seemed as if the earth had suddenly opened up and tossed them by the thousands into the streets.

They continued to mingle with the crowds, now charged with quivering excitement. What was going on? What did it mean? Who were these quiet, determined looking men? What signified the revolvers they carried? What could it mean? Hysterical women shrieked and frightened children cried lustily and nervous men ducked into buildings and everywhere there was an air of anxiety. But the men behind the shields—lips set in straight lines, eyes keeping a cool, intensive scrutiny all around—made no move except that they kept on walking up and down the crowded sidewalks.

From nowhere, it seemed, mounted policemen appeared by twos, gently keeping the crowds moving, their well-trained horses sidling in where pressure of knee told them their masters wanted them to scatter the throngs. Yet there was nothing unusual beyond the excited atmosphere.

But one by one and then whole bunches at a time the men and women who wore the ribbons of red surreptitiously began to remove the bits of cloth and either hide them or drop them carelessly to the ground. For in a flash they realized that somehow the thing for which they had schemed, and planned, and plotted, and waited was only a dream gone astray. The day which they had secretly toasted had come, but it was not their day.

In the big buildings which had been marked for destruction, the agents of the Reds, with dastardly bombs hidden under their coats had slipped into lobbies and were trying to light fuses when suddenly they discovered that about them was a ring of men, and in the hand of each was a loaded revolver and their muzzles pointed straight at the heads of the men who held the bombs. Resistance meant only suicide and the Bolshevist, the I. W. W. and the anarchist, willing tho he may be to decree death for others, has no great incentive to offer up his own life for "the cause." A Bolshevist, an anarchist, an I. W. W. dead has no opportunity to loot, to rob, to pillage, to destroy.

PROMPTLY as the hour struck, the anteroom of the mayor's office was filled with eighteen persons, twelve men and just half that many women.

"A delegation to see the mayor," pompously announced the fat man, who led them. He rubbed his hands together and his beady eyes glittered.

"The mayor has no visitors, it happens. You may go in," replied that of-

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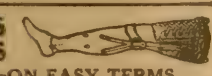

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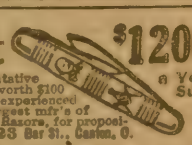

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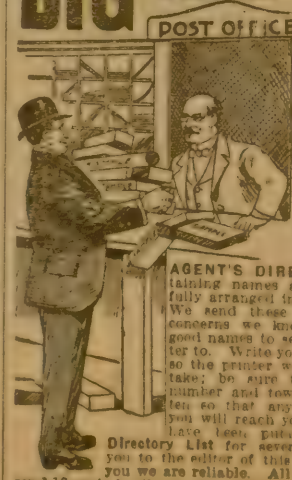

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official's secretary with suspicious alacrity. He held open the door and then stepped aside to let them pass.

"The mayor, I believe?" The fat man addressed the sole occupant of the office, who stood behind a flat table, one hand, the right, behind his back.

"And you?"

"We," the fat man waved his hand to include his followers, "are the Soviet, which will now take charge of the municipal government. You have failed and you no longer are in power." If he had expected the mayor to display signs of emotion he was fooled.

"By what right do you take this action?" The man behind the desk put the question, calmly, dispassionately. From his manner one would have thought he asked only out of perfunctory curiosity.

"By the right of might," replied the fat man. "In six of your largest buildings bombs already have been set off. They are the guns which announce to the world that Bolshevism has triumphed in this great city, that the comrades of the red banner are in power. If you will step to your window you will see in the streets below men and women with the red ribbon of Bolshevism fastened to their clothing. You will see the red flag waving in the air, you will see the people acclaiming the dawn of a new days. We have taken the city and soon the whole city will know it. Our legions are everywhere, armed and ready to command, peaceably if possible, but not scorning to use force, if force should be necessary. The newspapers are in our hands, our men hold the banks, the telegraph and telephone offices, every point of vantage and control."

"You say I can know that these things are so by stepping to the window yonder and looking down into the streets?" asked the man behind the desk.

"Yes, look and be convinced that resistance is futile," replied the fat man.

"I do not need to look out yonder window to tell you what is going on." The man behind the desk had suddenly leaned forward and was looking the fat man squarely in the eyes. "I can picture it. Upon the coats of ten thousand men are gleaming the eagle and shield of the United States Government. In their hands are revolvers, ready for instant action. They hold orders to shoot to kill at the first sign of trouble, of an attempt to start a riot or a disturbance of any kind. There may be among your rabid crew a man or a woman with the nerve to draw one of the weapons hidden beneath their clothes. In the instant that that happens that man or that woman dies.

"In the buildings which you had marked for destruction no bombs have been set off. Those hirelings to whom you intrusted the task are by now on their way to jail. On every street corner of the city a loyal citizen of these United States is standing, weapon in hand, ready to shoot down like a dog the first of your band that lifts a hand to do one thing against the law. The leaders to whom you intrusted your orders last night had no opportunity to carry them out. Even as they stepped out of the doors where those orders were given them they were taken in charge and placed where they could not carry out their fiendish instructions.

"Permit me to inform you, Fritz Von Kogel, that you and this Inner Council of yours are under arrest."

From behind his back the big man whipped out his right hand and the ugly muzzle of a big revolver pointed straight at the head of the fat Bolshevist. With the other hand the man behind the weapon pulled back his coat and displayed a gold badge. "I am not the mayor," he added quietly. "I am chief of the local bureau of the Department of Justice."

The door to the mayor's office swung open, and thru it strode a score of men. They seized the arms of the stunned Bolshevists and half led, half carried them out. All but one of them, Stella Lathrop. During the tense moments which had just elapsed she had stood slightly apart from the others, stood where the little automatic in the coat of her jacket had covered the members of the Inner Council. One move to attack Chief Milton and she would have fired thru her coat and a girl who learned to shoot in the mountains of the Cove does not miss at three paces.

Thus, without the shedding of one drop of blood, without even so much as a single effort to put into effect the campaign of violence which had been so carefully mapped, the power of the Bolshevists had been broken. For the Bolshevists and all of his ilk are yellow at heart. Given the ascendancy over a weaker opponent and the Bolshevist will kill and maim and run amuck. But let him look into the barrel of the weapon of a man who will stand for no foolishness, let him know that he has but to raise his hand and a bullet will find his heart, and the blood within his veins will turn to water. For the Bolshevist is a bully and a coward. He prates loudly of what he will do, but down in his heart he knows that he lies. For Might can never be Right and when Might clashes with Right, it always is Right that wins.

The End.

A Friend in Need.

"I TOOK a chance and ordered luncheon for you," said the girl in the sealskin, as the emergency driver joined her at the little table against the wall. "What makes you so late?"

"Late! I'm lucky to be here at all. I guess I'm an emergency driver with emphasis on the emergency. I'm beginning to believe that being an emergency driver is an invitation for emergencies."

"I could tell you were excited, but don't you care. It's becoming to your complexion. For goodness' sake, hurry up with your story, for I never heard that curiosity was good for anybody's appetite, and here comes our lunch."

"Well, this morning I was driving my car down Michigan avenue when a machine turned in from Jackson boulevard and simply ran right into me. Anway, I'm sure it did, but the driver said I ran into him. Neither car was damaged, but you never heard a man talk as horribly as he talked to me.

"'Emergency driver,' he snarled. 'You ought to be driving an ambulance to cart your victims away. They are safer in the front line trenches than on Michigan avenue with girls like you driving around. You ought to be driving a baby carriage.'

"A crowd gathered, and I was so embarrassed I did not know what to say, but finally found my voice and stammered: 'Pardon me, but it was your fault. You don't need to criticise my driving just because you failed to remember that I had the right of way.'

"Well, he looked as if he would have an apoplectic fit on the spot. I was more frightened than ever. He sputtered and stammered and fumed and that awful crowd stood around and laughed. I think we would be bandying words yet if just at the moment when I was about ready to burst into tears at his latest tirade, had I not gotten a signal from a handsome, gray haired man who stepped out of his machine.

"'What do you mean by addressing a young lady like that?' he said sternly, paying absolutely no attention to me. 'As there happens to be no officer at this corner at present, the north and south traffic has the right of way. I certainly will take your number and report you to the authorities.'

"'What are you butting in for?' said my adversary.

"'I'm interfering because the young lady seems to be in need of some protection. If you take my advice, young man, you will drive away, and the sooner the better.'

"Fortunately an officer came along just then, and the bully got into his car and drove off, and, much to my relief, the policeman quickly dispersed the crowd."

"You don't mean to tell me that your champion left you without a word," interrupted the girl in the sealskin.

"Without a word!" repeated the emergency driver. "If only he had. He talked to me for half an hour. That's why I'm late. I guess he even talked worse to me than the other driver, and blamed me for all that happened."

"Such nerve," said the girl in the sealskin. "What right had he to talk that way to you?"

"Why, you goose, haven't you guessed it was father? He was a peach when he pretended not to recognize me before the crowd, but I thought I'd jumped from the frying pan into the fire when he saw me alone and gave me his private opinion in regular fatherly style."

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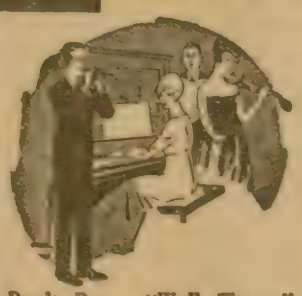
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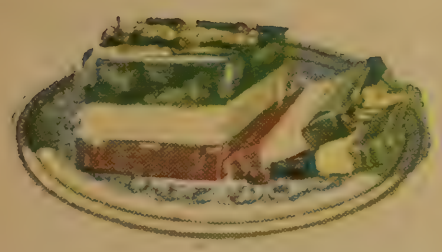

Tomato Aspic.

Bring one pint of canned tomatoes to boiling point, and simmer a few minutes. Strain, and pour liquid over one package Lime Jiffy-Jell. Add Lime flavor from separate vial, also add one tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce, and a pinch of salt. Chop fine half of a small onion, several pieces of celery, and a small cucumber, if in season. Add to Jiffy-Jell and set on ice or in cool place to congeal. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

Neapolitan.

One package Lime Jiffy-Jell; 1 package Loganberry Jiffy-Jell; 1 package Pineapple or Lemon Jiffy-Jell; pecans, walnuts or mixed nuts. Dissolve each package Jiffy-Jell separately and add flavor according to directions on package. When each is ready to congeal, that is, stiff enough to keep from running one into another, place the Lime in bottom of mold with enough chopped nuts to cover it. Then add the Pineapple and place nuts on top of that, and lastly add the Loganberry. Serve in slices with whipped cream. If middle layer is desired white, use Lemon or Pineapple Jiffy-Jell and beat with egg-beater when partly congealed. Strawberry or Cherry may be used instead of Loganberry if desired.

Potato-Mint Salad.

One-half package Jiffy-Jell, Mint flavor; ½ cupful boiling water; ½ cupful cream; 1 to 2 cupfuls mayonnaise; 1 quart small potatoes; 1 pimento diced. Dissolve Jiffy-Jell as usual. When cool add Mint flavor to suit taste. Pour into small tin to depth of one-quarter inch. Cool over night. Boil potatoes in salted water, then cool and slice. Whip cream stiff, mix with mayonnaise and add pimento and potatoes. Form all into mold in center of platter. Cut the Mint Jiffy-Jell into small cubes and dot over the mound of salad. Pieces of pimento may also be used.

Lemon or Fruit Pie.

One package Lemon Jiffy-Jell; 1 or 2 egg yolks; 1 baked pastry shell; 1 or 2 egg whites. Prepare the Jiffy-Jell as usual, pouring the mixture as soon as combined with boiling water, slowly onto the egg yolks well beaten. When beginning to congeal, pour into the pastry shell and just before serving top with the egg whites well beaten with four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a drop of lemon extract. Or make up the meringue while the pastry shell is being baked, drop it by tablespoonfuls on a well-oiled pan, bake it as usual for ten minutes and then transfer these meringues to the top of the pie when the filling is set. Any flavor of Jiffy-Jell may be used in same way as a fruity pie filler.

Our Own.

One package Lime Jiffy-Jell; 1 package Loganberry Jiffy-Jell; 1 package Pineapple Jiffy-Jell; pecans, walnuts or mixed nuts. Dissolve each package Jiffy-Jell separately and add flavor according to directions on package. When each is ready to congeal, that is, stiff enough to keep from running one into another, place the Lime in bottom of mold with enough chopped nuts to cover it. Then add the Loganberry and place nuts on top of that, and lastly add the Pineapple. Serve in slices with whipped cream.

Snow Pudding.

One package Pineapple or Lemon Jiffy-Jell; whites of 2 eggs. Dissolve and add flavor according to directions on package. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth. When Jiffy-Jell is nearly set, add the whites of the eggs and continue to beat until the mixture is light and spongy. Put in sherbet cups to mold and serve with cream and sugar.

Recipes for the desserts and salads illustrated herewith, together with the recipes for many others will be mailed you **FREE** upon request. Address Recipe Department, W. D. Boyce Co., 500-514 North Dearborn Street, Chicago.

The Sable Lorcha

(Continued From Page 13)

cause illumined and transfigured her. Her beauty was radiant.

"Answer me!" she insisted, impatient at my silence. "Isn't it possible? Isn't it really the very best way out of a difficulty? It will never do to admit that we have had that man here in mistake for Uncle Robert, you know."

"But there is something you have forgotten, my dear child," I objected, with all the mildness I could bestow upon the words. "In your wish to give joy to this poor old mother—and in that I am with you heart and soul—you have quite overlooked the fact that we are still with scarcely a scintilla of information concerning the present whereabouts of your uncle."

"Oh, no, I haven't," was her prompt rejoinder, "but I don't see what that has to do with it, except that it makes it all the more necessary to pretend that we still believe this McNish is he. How will sending McNish abroad hinder——" And then she broke off, suddenly, as I had rather expected she would, knowing what a keen brain she had and how once she got a clear perspective on the situation, she must see again the very point she had suggested once herself, and which I had still in mind.

"You mean," she began again, speaking very slowly now, as she mentally focused the conditions, "that we must hold McNish as a hostage, and only give him up when they return Uncle Robert to us?"

"Exactly," I agreed. "Just as two armies do that are at war—exchange prisoners."

"Isn't there any other way?" she asked, frowning. "Oh, there must be. I don't care a straw, you know, for that wicked man; but, Philip, think of his poor old mother!"

"I do think," I told her. "I've been thinking, ever since I read her letter, and if it were possible, Evelyn, I'd give the reprobate his chance for her sake, little as he deserves it. But I've been thinking of Cameron, too. He may be somewhere on the high seas, as Miss Clement's note implied, or he may be a prisoner in some underground dungeon of Chinatown. Wherever he is, we are safe in concluding he is neither comfortable nor happy. Why, then, should we consider, to come right down to practicalities, this old Scotch mother of an infamous son, when the safety—the life even—of one we both love so dearly may at this moment be at stake?"

I flattered myself there was no getting away from this argument. It seemed to me conclusive, but the letter had stirred the sentimental depths of the girl's nature, and she refused to yield without one last effort.

"I know, Philip. I appreciate every word of what you have said; but couldn't we find out what we want to know, thru Miss Clement? She must have a lot more information than she put in that little hurriedly written note. Or, couldn't O'Hara find out for us?"

Before I could answer her, Checkabeedy stood in the doorway.

"Dr. Massey has just come down, Mr. Clyde," he said, "and would you spare him a moment in the reception-room?"

I turned to Evelyn.

"Shall we have him in here?" I asked. And at her consent, Checkabeedy, a moment later, led the doctor to us—a very changed doctor, a very decidedly less cocksure doctor than I had encountered earlier that morning in his Fifty-sixth street office.

EVEN in his bow to Evelyn I detected evidence of the shame-faced humiliation he was suffering.

"We take off our hats to your perspicacity, Miss Grayson," he said, confirming my reading. "I had never thought such a modern real-life instance of Lesurques and Dubosc possible."

"Then you admit?" I asked, smiling.

"Candidly. There is no question. Yet I could have sworn yesterday that I was attending Mr. Cameron. It is the most remarkable resemblance I have ever seen."

Evelyn asked him to be seated and I drew out a chair for him.

"And how do you find the patient?" I inquired, when he had sat down.

"Quite normal in every respect save one. He is in a highly nervous state. He is endeavoring to maintain the fiction that he is the gentleman we supposed he was. He evidently learned his lesson from Mr. Bryan before we suspected anything. It is really wonderful how well he does it, considering that he never saw the man he is trying to impersonate."

"But he must know that he has been discovered. He certainly knows I have this letter."

"A desperate man will battle against the most overwhelming odds," Dr. Massey observed, "and he is a desperate man."

"You gave no sign that you knew?" Evelyn asked.

"Not the slightest. I pretended that I believed him Mr. Cameron."

"But Mr. Bryan must have——" I began.

"On the contrary," said the doctor, "Mr. Bryan knows him only as the Mr. Cameron he has nursed from the first. He would be the last man to indicate to his patient a knowledge of anything untoward."

"Miss Grayson and I were just discussing a course of action when you arrived, Doctor," I explained, "but had reached no conclusion. Last night I arranged with Yup Sing, who is probably the most prominent and best educated Chinaman in New York, and his friend the Chinese Vice Consul to meet me here today at noon. The chances are they will bring a United States Deputy Marshal with them, with a warrant for McNish's arrest. Now if we give him up, what will be the result? He will still maintain that he is Cameron in spite of our knowledge to the contrary. Yup Sing and his clan will insist that he is right and that we are wrong, and our chances of finding Cameron will dwindle. It isn't reasonable to expect that those engaged in the abduction plot will confess to their error and inform us as to Cameron's place of detention, is it?"

Dr. Massey knitted his brow behind the bow of his glasses and pursed his thin lips.

"We are certainly confronted by a very trying complication," he admitted, with characteristic gravity.

"Miss Grayson has suggested that we send McNish abroad—at once, on a steamer sailing this morning."

"Mr. Bryan could go with him," Evelyn volunteered.

"If the United States authorities have a warrant for him," the physician argued, "that would only delay matters. They would arrest him on landing."

There was no question as to the accuracy of this deduction.

"And the newspapers," I added, "would be sure to publish columns of speculation. . . . If we could only wring an admission from McNish it would simplify matters."

"Isn't there some one you could confront him with?" Dr. Massey asked, and hope rose within me at the suggestion.

"As far as I can make out, from what O'Hara tells me," was my rejoinder, "the police have in custody now the Eurasian cook who, I believe, has been McNish's Nemesis these sixteen years. If we could bring those two miscreants face to face, McNish would be sure to betray himself."

"Then arrange it by all means," urged the doctor.

"Have McNish taken there, you mean?"

"Or have the Eurasian brought here."

AND so, ultimately, thru the offices of O'Hara, who all this time had been awaiting me in the tonneau of my car, which still stood at the door, John Soy, accompanied by two plain clothes men from the Detective Bureau, was brought from the Tombs to that sumptuous home on upper Fifth avenue.

I say "ultimately" because his coming was delayed beyond all patience. Hour after hour passed. The morning dragged by with periodic telephone excuses from O'Hara. The hearing was in progress before the police magistrate. . . . Soy had been held for the grand jury. . . . The magistrate would have to sign a permit and he could not be approached until he came off the bench. . . . Soy had gone to the Tombs. . . . The warden was at luncheon and could not be seen for half an hour.

Meanwhile Dr. Massey, impelled by the necessities of his practice, had departed, and Yup Sing and the Vice Consul, Chen Mok, had arrived and been relegated to the reception room. To my relief, Checkabeedy reported that they were unaccompanied. Meanwhile, too, Evelyn had received a call from Miss Clement and had learned with some dismay that the missionary's ill-fated informant had left with her no more definite information regarding Cameron's transportation than that which she had already conveyed to us.

"We're just starting in a taxicab," came at length from O'Hara over the wire. "We'll be there in less than half an hour."

And in less than half an hour they came, an ignoble, vulgar quartet against a stately, pompous background.

I met them in the great hall standing before the broad, sculptured chimney-piece. Back of me a coal fire glowed in a wide grate on massive brazen andirons, imparting a warmth almost genial to an atmospheric spaciously chill and coldly colorless with its preponderant white marble.

By some chance Checkabeedy was not present, and the task of admitting visitors fell to a liveried footman, whose blue and orange regalia added a final sharpening touch to the grotesque contrast of the little group with their surroundings.

The three detectives were more or less of a piece—gross, coarse, red-faced men whose hands and feet seemed out of all proportion to their size, bulky as it was. Of the three O'Hara, possibly because of

familiarity, struck me as the least offensive. But after all it was not the detectives who claimed and held my chief interest, but the shrunken, shadow-like creature they had in charge, whom I recognized instantly as the supposed castaway the Sibylla had picked up that warm day somewhere east of Nantucket—the slinking figure I had followed thru the press of Doyers street almost to my death.

My conjecture was thus in part verified; John Soy and Peter Johnson were the same, and it only remained now to prove that the rest of my guess was as well founded.

Stepping to the door of the reception room, I made brief apology for my detention and bade my two Cathayan visitors join the others.

"I think, Mr. Yup," I observed, "that we have here the Eurasian cook of the Sable Lorcha about whom you told me."

I suppose I was foolish enough to fancy that the merchant would at once make the identification I desired. I should have known better. In subtlety we are no match for the ancient race to which Yup Sing belonged, as was evidenced by the absolute impenetration of his manner, as, after gazing sharply at John Soy, he turned to me with a visage as blank as the marble wall, and, in a voice without a shade of inflection, said:

"I do not know him. I have never seen him until now."

Had a white man dared to make such denial, I should have laughed in his face. But the dignity of the Oriental, the perfect aplomb of his manner, including an utter absence of all that could be construed as feigning, forbade such rejoinder; yet I knew that he had lied.

"Come, gentlemen," I said, denying myself even the satisfaction of a shoulder shrug, "and we shall decide whether the man upstairs is the villain you claim he is, or——" but I was in no mood to finish the sentence.

The seven of us, crowding into the elevator, were lifted to the floor above, where I preceded the others to the door of what we were wont to call Cameron's bedchamber. There I paused.

"Pardon me just a moment," I begged, with my hand on the knob, "until I see whether everything is ready."

I HAD instructed Mr. Bryan to have McNish up and dressed, and I wished to make sure that these preparations were completed. But I was hardly prepared for the scene which greeted my entrance.

McNish, clothed in the suit he had worn when I found him, was in the act of closing a drawer of an old-fashioned rosewood secretary which occupied a place against the right wall, beneath one of the medallioned windows. And the nurse was nowhere in sight.

Startled by the sound of the opening door, the trespasser half turned, his hands still on the brass drawer-handles; then, at sight of me, he wheeled completely and stood defiant with his back to the antique desk.

"What are you doing there?" I cried, indignantly. "What were you looking for?"

Even before he spoke I saw the look of cunning come into his small, furtive eyes.

"I was looking for some papers of mine, Clyde," he answered, boldly, and his voice was so like Cameron's that, for just a moment, a shuddering uncertainty assailed me. Only the crafty leer weighed for the truth.

"Papers of yours?" I snarled, ignoring his familiar use of my name. "I have the only paper you brought into this house, Donald McNish, and that's evidence enough to put you where you belong. Where's Mr. Bryan?"

But at that moment the nurse, appearing from the adjoining room, answered for himself, and McNish, with a capitally assumed nonchalance, said, smilingly:

"I didn't think you could be so easily imposed upon, Clyde. The letter to Donald McNish was given to me by McNish himself. He wanted me to answer it. It was his last request. He——"

"Silence!" I cried; and then, "Mr. Bryan, get him into that chair before the bureau, facing the door. These people outside must not be kept waiting any longer." With which I turned, and with hand on knob once more, paused until the nurse had rather roughly, but in all haste, dragged his charge across the floor and fairly flung him into the indicated seat.

It was not until after the immediately succeeding occurrences that I learned from O'Hara what had been told to John Soy on his way uptown in the taxicab. As I understand it, the other detectives had informed him that he was being taken to this house so that his chief accuser, who was nigh until death, could make an ante-mortem identification. As a matter of fact, of course, the situation was practically the reverse: We desired Soy to identify McNish, and McNish, under stress of the encounter, to admit his own identity. The Eurasian, however, having been thus misinformed, was at a distinct disadvantage. So, when I drew back the door, and he was pushed forward into the room, instead of seeking, he imagined himself sought, and with bowed head and eyes on the floor, stood shrinkingly ill at ease.

To this misunderstanding is probably attributable all that followed. Had Soy known that McNish was regarded, equally with himself, as an aggressor, he might have controlled his outbreak and permitted the law to wreak its tardy justice. But Soy did not know, and the tide of events met sudden change.

It is, indeed, scarcely conceivable, how rapidly it was all enacted. For just a moment the weazened figure stood still, while behind him crowded the rest of us—the three detectives, the two Chinamen and myself.

I saw McNish struggle for an instant to maintain his pose of indifference, and then I saw his cheeks blanch, and his little eyes widen in craven terror as he recognized the shabby, silent thing before him. His lips parted, his bared teeth clicked together, and his hands, like talons, clutched tensely his chair arms.

In that strained moment the room was strangely hushed. I know I scarcely breathed, as nervously intent I watched those two miserable creatures; the one keenly conscious, the other blind to everything save the rug pattern at his feet.

Then, like a flash, Soy stole a glance at his supposed accuser, and I saw him quiver into steel. It was as tho an electric bolt had shot thru his shrinking frame and limp limbs. He seemed to grow out of himself, to rise inches taller, towering with stiffened neck and lifted head.

To describe with any degree of accuracy what ensued, I cannot. I know only that McNish rose cumbrously to his feet, only to fall back again beneath the pouncing spring of the Eurasian. Then followed a pistol shot, muffled, yet sounding lethally loud against the grim silence of the chamber; and, as with one accord we leaped forward, I saw Soy roll over in a spasm of contortions, and McNish, thus freed from his gripping hold, raise an arm and fire again, with the pistol pressed to his own temple, just as Bryan, who had been nearest to them, bravely made a grab for the weapon.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HIS SISTER CONFESSOR.

THE death of McNish was instantaneous. Soy, with a bullet in his abdomen, lingered for three days. During that time Miss Clement became his sister confessor, and so there drifted into our possession a host of facts which otherwise we might never have learned.

Had I been more familiar with the Cameron town house and the town habits of its master, Justice probably would not have been tricked out of having her way with two as lawless wretches as ever infested a community. I should have known then that one of the drawers of that quaint old rosewood secretary was the hiding place of a 38-caliber Colt, and in all likelihood have had it removed before McNish was capable of searching for it. As it was, Mr. Bryan took no little blame upon himself for not having been the first to discover it, tho to my mind he could hardly be regarded as recreant in failing to investigate a piece of furniture of so intimate a character.

The notoriety consequent upon the murder and suicide was hideously inordinate. Inspired and stimulated by the sensational press, which did not hesitate to imply what it dared not state openly, the currency of falsehood and misconception at one period came close to being disastrous. As I had foreseen, the resemblance of McNish to Cameron, coupled with the seemingly convincing fact that the tragedy had occurred in the Cameron town house, where the millionaire was supposed to be convalescent, gave excuse for persistent iteration of a rumor that, in order to preserve the fame of a man regarded always as above reproach and at the same time to protect the line of securities in which he had been interested, the story of a confusing likeness had been invented.

No paper in the land would have had

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the temerity to print this as a fact, but again and again—silly and impossible as it must have appeared to all thinking persons—it was promulgated by innuendo and embodied in more or less weakly worded denials.

As a result Crystal Consolidated suffered. Bonds and stocks alike sloughed fraction after fraction and point after point. And our mouths were necessarily closed upon the truth, since that, if possible, would have been even more damaging; for while we still hoped, we could give no positive assurance that Cameron was yet alive.

Strangely enough, tho the whole wretched complication had been raked reportorially with a fine-tooth comb, the kidnaping from the yacht had not been so much as hinted at, but I lived, daily, in mortal dread that it would be brought to light at the next journalistic hand-sweep. Accurate information as to Cameron's present whereabouts was the news now most eagerly sought not alone by the press, but by Wall Street as well; our failure to supply it—tho excused by us on the ground that in his present nervous condition it was imperatively necessary to keep him sequestered from interviewers—was not unnaturally arousing a suspicion that we did not possess it to supply.

IF, UNDER the strain of the tragedy and the brutal publicity which followed upon it, Evelyn Grayson had not eventually succumbed she must have been more than human. Bravely she had borne up against a whelming succession of nerve-wrenching experiences, refusing to entertain fear and fighting valiantly against discouragement, but heart and nerves have their limit of endurance; and when, on the third day, John Soy was gathered to his yellow and white fathers, and a more yellow than white evening journal ventured, more boldly than had been dared hitherto, to make the implication to which I have referred, Evelyn collapsed utterly.

As chance would have it, I myself came upon her, lying white, limp, and unconscious on the library floor, with the paper still loosely held in her right hand. The sound of her fall had carried to me faintly as I neared the closed door, and a misgiving born of intuition rather than of any more definite cause had hastened my steps.

Having lifted her to a couch and rung for her maid, I at once set about doing what I could to restore her to consciousness. But her plight was no ordinary momentary faintness. Stubbornly she refused to respond to my efforts, and those of the maid were equally unavailing.

Alarmed, I called up Dr. Massey, only to learn that he had gone to Boston for a consultation, and that Dr. Thorne, his assistant, was operating at Roosevelt Hospital. For a moment, distressed and anxious, the names of other physicians eluded me. In despair, I opened the telephone directory, in hope of a suggestion, and the name of Addison leaped at me from the page. To my infinite relief he was in his office; his electric was at the door, and he would be over at once.

And it was not until ten minutes later, when he came hurriedly into the room, that I remembered. The name, when I saw it, had at once struck me as familiar. I seemed to know, even, that it belonged to a physician of reputed high standing, yet it was only at the instant of his entrance, when his penetrating steel-gray eyes drilled into mine, that I associated it with the man to whom I had gone, not for any ailment, but to learn whether my friend, in spite of his denials, had even been in China.

If the recognition was mutual, Dr. Addison gave no sign of it. His patient demanded and received his immediate attention. Hastily he administered a stimulating hypodermic, and then, himself assisted in carrying her to her room.

When he rejoined me in the library, half an hour later, it was with the glad news that she had responded gratifyingly to treatment, and was sleeping calmly. After thanking him for his promptness and efficiency, I said:

"You do not remember me?"

"Oh, yes I do," he returned, almost brusquely, fixing me with his gaze. "You are Mr. Clyde. Did you get any relief from the prescription I gave you?"

I had not expected the question and was unprepared for it. In venturing an evasive reply I stammered.

"I don't suppose you even had it filled," he declared, with a grim smile that was at least partially reassuring. And I admitted that his surmise was accurate. Moreover I begged him to sit down.

"I have a confession to make, Doctor," I said, a little shamefacedly.

"It is unnecessary, Mr. Clyde," was his half-polite rejoinder, as he sank into a chair before the fireplace. "I read the newspapers, and I have come to understand many things in the past few days."

As I took a seat opposite to him, I said:

"The newspapers have been misleading, I fear, Dr. Addison."

"No," he contradicted, his tone softened. "On the contrary they have opened my eyes to a truth that was long hidden; they have made a very contrite and, I must confess, a very unhappy man of me."

"Unhappy?"

"More unhappy than you can conceive, Mr. Clyde. For years I have misjudged one of the best friends Heaven ever privileged a man to have."

"But, my dear Doctor," I began, "you were not at fault, altogether; you——"

He raised a deprecatory hand. "No, please don't," he pleaded. "You cannot temper it. I should have taken his word, without question. I knew his love of truth—I probably more than any one else. What right had I to conclude then, because of certain apparently irreconcilable happenings, that his word was false?"

"We are all fallible," I said.

"All but he," was his prompt reply. And then, leaning forward, with a strained, eager look in those piercing eyes, his voice vibrant, he asked:

"Is it true that he is very ill? That he cannot be seen?"

For a scruple I hesitated.

"The newspapers have been misleading, I fear," I said again, and I judge my expression of countenance was as cryptic as my words, for my visitor's look changed instantly to one of dire perplexity.

"He is not ill?" he questioned. "You mean——"

"Confidentially, Doctor," I admitted, "we haven't the faintest notion just how he is. He may be in excellent health or he may have ceased to exist."

"Good God!" he exclaimed, and his face was as white as his linen.

"Our best information is that he is on a steamer—a tramp—bound for China, but we have no particulars, and worse still, no verification."

It was neither fair nor consistent to conceal longer from one so justly interested the whole truth, and so, without reservation, I told Dr. Addison the story.

BEFORE I had quite concluded, Miss Clement was announced, and when she was shown into the library, instead of permitting the physician to leave, as he made offer of doing, I presented him and insisted upon his remaining.

"I want you to tell Miss Clement about your patient, Doctor," I said. "Miss Clement is a very good friend of Miss Grayson's."

Graciously he complied, making it quite clear that sedatives and sleep would undoubtedly effect a prompt recovery.

"And now Miss Clement will tell us something," I added. "She has had a patient, too, who died this morning, as you may have seen by the afternoon papers—the Eurasian who was shot by McNish."

"It's rather a long story," she began, in her sweetly quiet voice. "And as it came to me piecemeal, I'm afraid it will be rather disconnected. You see this poor fellow suffered horribly at times and when he was not suffering he was under the influence of opiates, so ordinarily I doubt that it would be safe to accept as fact a good deal said under such circumstances. It appears to me, however, that in his case, these very conditions only strengthen the probabilities; for his mind seemed to hold only the one theme, and his statements could hardly have been either spontaneous or studied inventions. On the other hand, they were rather a sort of involuntary recital of the particulars of a subject which had engrossed him for years to the exclusion of almost everything else."

Dr. Addison nodded his head, encouragingly. "I quite understand, Miss Clement," he said. And I, too, assured her that her reasoning appeared to me logical.

"It was significant," she continued, "that so far as I could fix dates, he made no reference at all to any happening prior to sixteen years ago. The tragedy of that time was the beginning of what I think I may call his mania. Everything he told me had to do with it. It came at the beginning, at the apex, and at the end of every revelation."

"The tragedy of sixteen years ago?" inquired the physician.

"The tragedy of what has been called 'The Sable Lorcha,'" I reminded him.

"Oh, yes, of course."

"You know of that, then?" asked Miss Clement. And briefly I ran over what Yup Sing had told me.

"John Soy, I understand, was the cook whom McNish imprisoned in the galley," I added.

"It seems he broke his way out just as the lorcha was sinking. McNish had waited until he had gone to his bunk for his usual hop, and had chosen the hour he was sleeping to get away and scuttle the vessel. For five days Soy floated about on a bit of wreckage without food or drink, and was finally picked up by a proa and taken back to Macao at the mouth of the Canton River, where, after weeks of delirium, he told his story of the lorcha's fate. From that day the search for McNish began. It seems that he had a partner, an Irishman, named Moran, who for a time was suspected of having been in the conspiracy; for, you must remember, it was thought then that the sinking of the lorcha had been planned from the first, the idea being that it was simply a scheme to get the passage money from the poor coolies, and then drown them."

"Horrible!" ejaculated the physician.

"But the Chinese are just," the missionary continued. "They discovered that a certain United States cruiser that had been warned of the attempted smuggling, did, on that particular day, give chase to a lorcha, which eventually disappeared in the fog. So the enmity against Moran subsided, and, ultimately, this same Moran became the most openly bitter of all the avenging horde that for over a decade and a half scoured the four corners of the globe; for it seems that McNish had not only made off with his share of the receipts of their joint enterprise, but had left him with a ruining lot of debts to settle as well. There was something, too, I believe, about a Chinese woman whose loyalty to Moran, McNish undermined, but I confess that part of the story was not very clear to me. At all events Soy, the half-breed, and Moran, the Irishman, who appears to have been a roving blade, a sort of soldier of fortune with some talent for painting, became the prime movers in this relentless quest, in which they were backed by what is known as the Six Companies. All the tongs, no matter how much at variance on other points, were a unit in this instance, and un-

IN THE SPRING-TIME

ANY one knows enough to carry an umbrella when it rains, but the wise one is he who carries one when it is only cloudy. Any one will send for a doctor when he gets bedfast, but the wiser one is he who adopts proper measures before his ills become serious. During a hard winter or the following spring one feels rundown, tired out, weak and nervous. Probably you have suffered from cold or influenza which has left you thin, weak and pale. This is the time to put your system in order. It is the time for house-cleaning.

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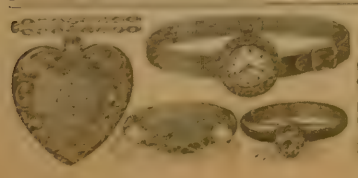

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Don't wait until the first warnings have developed into final symptoms. At the first indication that the kidneys are not working properly go to your druggist and get Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules—and you will get prompt relief. They will quickly relieve the stiffened joints, backache and other aches and pains; cleanse the kidneys, purify the blood and stimulate the liver, stomach and other organs to healthy action.

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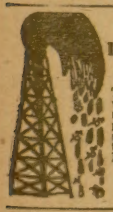

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You may test my simple Home Treatment for Goitre Without Cost or Obligation. Hundreds report immediate results after other remedies had failed. "My goitre is cured and am feeling fine. I improved before taking medicine a week," says Mrs C. W. Hahn of North Jackson, Ohio. Mrs. W. A. Pease of Creston, B. C., Can., writes: "A friend in Alberta got your treatment and was cured. I concluded to try it, and after using one treatment, my goitre entirely disappeared." The treatment quickly stops choking and other disagreeable symptoms. Does not interfere with work. No danger. Prevents operation. Send coupon today.

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This coupon is good for $2.50 Test Treatment mailed free in plain package if accompanied by 10c to cover postage. Address Tas W. T. B. Lasonaroxy, Battle Creek, Mich.

Age?.....How old is Goitre?.....yrs.
Nervous?.....Han Tremble?.....
Do eyes bulge?.....Does heart beat too rapidly?.....Health?.....
Name.....
address.....
812

limited money was always available to prosecute the search."

A footman, appearing at this juncture with the inevitable tea paraphernalia, interrupted temporarily the current of Miss Clement's narrative. But our interest was such that we limited the cessation to the briefest possible period. Dr. Addison, whose professional engagements were being toppled over one after another, politely urged her to continue, directly her cup was in her hand.

"Think, Miss Clement," he said, with an ingratiating smile, "of the rapt audience you have! I trust it is at once an inspiration and a compensation."

"It surely is," was the good lady's prompt acknowledgment. "And, by the way, I must not forget to tell you how this man, McNish, actually had the temerity to return to China a few years ago. He appeared to think either that his crime had been forgotten or that knowledge of it was limited to the Southern provinces, for in the early fall of 1903, under one of his many aliases, he arrived at Pekin, by way of the Trans-Siberian Railway."

The doctor and I exchanged glances. It was odd how confirmation of the error he had already avowed should thus come about from the lips of one who knew nothing of his story of a shattered friendship.

"Oddly enough, Moran happened to be in the city at the time and every arrangement was made to capture the long-sought prey and convey him to Canton for some exquisite torture devised especially to fit his crime. In some way, however, the intended victim got wind of what was proposed, and came within an ace of escaping unscathed from under their very fingers. Indeed, he did escape in the end, but not before Moran had very nearly put a finish to him by a knife thrust in his back."

Once more I exchanged glances with the physician, for scarcely half an hour before, I had told him of the scar under McNish's left shoulder blade, received as I had been told, in Buffalo.

"Moran fled from Pekin after this encounter, not knowing whether his enemy were dead or alive, and for awhile, I believe, 'laid very low,' as they say. In spite of all the efforts of the combined Chinese organizations, McNish, warned now of his constant danger, eluded their search, but at length Soy himself succeeded in tracing him to Canada and thence to Buffalo. There Moran came, post-haste, and once more there was a street encounter. Moran was arrested, and McNish charged him with assault with intent to kill. The result was that Moran was convicted and sent to prison for a term of years; and once again the earth seemed to close over McNish."

The discrepancies between Miss Clement's narrative and that of Yup Sing I did not regard as sufficiently vital to raise a question over, yet I must admit that I could hardly foresee a conclusion without a much graver antagonism of facts as I knew them.

The missionary having paused to sip tea, Dr. Addison asked permission to smoke a cigarette, which she readily granted.

"It assists concentration," was his excuse, "and I am so deeply interested, that I wish to coordinate perfectly the facts you give us."

I think I smiled at this reminder of my visit to the doctor's office. An invented inability to coordinate, I remembered, had been my entering wedge to his serious attention.

"On Moran's release from prison," Miss Clement continued, fortified by the fragrant Oolong, "he appears for the first time to have considered the advisability of adopting some sort of an incognito. Prior to this time he had, Soy told me, been carefully clean shaven and close-cropped. Now he grew a beard and wore his hair long, and, in addition, he doctored it with henna until it became a fiery red. He also changed his name from Moran to Murphy, and instead of frequenting the busy marts of men, he retired to an isolated country place on the Cos Cob River and posed as an artist. He employed always a Chinese servant, and at least once a week, without fail he visited Chinatown, keeping always in touch with the powers there, which were still unrelenting in their efforts to trace McNish."

SHE came now to Murphy's so-called chance meeting with Cameron on the Fourth of July, of which Cameron himself had already told me. I would have saved her this recital, but it was new to Dr. Addison and so I allowed her to proceed.

"It was plainly evident to Moran," she pursued, "that McNish—or at least the gentleman he supposed was McNish—did not recognize him, and his delight at this discovery was unbounded; for it gave him opportunity, quite unsuspected, to arrange all his plans for a most ingenious campaign of torture. What that campaign consisted of, of course, you already know, Mr. Clyde, and I presume Dr. Addison does, too."

"Yes," I replied, "I have told the doctor."

"What you don't know, tho," she added, "is how it was managed."

"We have been told something about amyl pearls," I suggested.

"Amyl pearls?" queried Dr. Addison, curiously.

With as much clearness as poss'ble I explained to him what I meant by using this admittedly inaccurate term.

"Incredible!" he exclaimed. "Can it be possible that there is such an anæsthetic as this, and we have never even heard of it before?"

"There can be no doubt about its existence," I answered. "I myself have experienced its effects, tho I have never actually seen it put in operation."

But it was Miss Clement who was most convincing.

"I have never seen either it or its effects, Doctor," she said, "but I am willing to believe even more marvelous things than that where the Chinese are concerned. You must remember that as a race they are most jealous of their knowledge as well as their possessions. Just now, after all their many centuries of a civilization greater in some respects than our own, we are beginning to learn something of them and their ways, and I should not be at all surprised to discover that in chemistry, in medicine even, they have forgotten more than we know. Soy assured me that not only for days, but for weeks, he himself came and went about Mr. Cameron's—or, as he called it, McNish's—country place without being either seen or heard, simply by using this ether of invisibility. It was he who delivered the three letters. It was he who cut the head from the portrait, and it was he who broke the mirror; and yet no one saw him on the grounds or in the house, and indeed there were very few who saw him in the vicinity. Again and again, he assured me, he could have taken his victim's life but that he was intent on inflicting a punishment more protractedly horrible than mere sudden death."

"Who wrote the letters?" I asked.

"Moran."

"I thought so. And Moran killed the Chinaman who worked for him."

"No; there you are wrong, Mr. Clyde."

"Then who did?"

"Soy himself. He learned of how that boy, unable to control his hatred of the man who had slain some one or more of his kinspeople, carried back the head that had been cut from the portrait, borrowed a rifle from Mr. Cameron's own gamekeeper, and shot the canvas full of holes. It seemed to Soy, then, that in spite of all his and Moran's careful preparation this would surely involve trouble, and that once more their quarry would slip thru their fingers. And to prevent the possibility of any more unrestrained fervor on the boy's part, Soy beat him to death."

"I know Soy, or Peter Johnson, as he called himself, managed the kidnaping from the yacht," I said, "but I shall never understand how it was done. Did he speak of that?"

"Over and over again. It was he who learned the intention to take the cruise. At first they thought they would have to change their plans and carry their enemy off before he had a chance to take to his yacht. But Soy maintained that that would be too crude a method;

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Yes, you can make $2 an hour and not half try. Maher made $51 in one afternoon. Cooper $4,200 last year.

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Unheard of values. That's why Halloway made $425 last month and Grace Irvine cleared $17 in one day.

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YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy or Swelling of feet or ankles? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. More than 1000 endorsements furnished.

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Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day.

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DR. J. H. DYE, obstetric specialist, devoted his life to women's sorrows. He discovered a means of lessening the suffering of labor and unnecessary pain. Write us about irregularity and sterility.

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If you wish to give birth to healthy babies, without unnecessary pain, write today for free copy of this booklet. Thousands benefited in last forty years.

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SUGAR 5c LB.

One of our leaders. We save you money on Groceries—catalogue free with trial order. The requests for catalogues are enormous and hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually by mail order concerns in sending out catalogues to places where no benefit is ever derived. To avoid all this unnecessary expense and be in a position to sell our goods at the lowest possible price, we have decided on the following plan: We will only send our Bargain Grocery catalogue to such people who can prove to us that they are really interested in saving money on groceries. We quote herewith a few of the bargains listed and which are sold in different parts of our catalogue:

FLOUR $8.36 Per Barrel (One of Our Leaders)

Our Best Flour	$8.36	per barrel
" " "	4.18	per half barrel
" " "	2.09	per 49-lb. sack
" " "	1.05	per 24½-lb. sack

SUGAR $5.00 Per 100 lbs. (One of Our Leaders)

Our Best Granulated Sugar	$5.00	per 100 lbs.
" " "	2.50	per 50 lbs.
" " "	1.25	per 25 lbs.
" " "	.50	per 10 lbs.

Here is Our Plan

Send us $1.99 for the following Trial Order and we will then know that you mean business and we will include with your order our Bargain Grocery Catalogue in which you will find big grocery bargains.

Trial Order

	(Estimated) Retail Price	Our Price
5 pounds Our Best Granulated Sugar	60 cts.	25 cts.
1 large size package Quaker Oats	12 cts.	7 cts.
1 pound Guaranteed Baking Powder	50 cts.	39 cts.
¼-pound Black Pepper (Ground)	25 cts.	15 cts.
¼-pound Cinnamon (Ground)	25 cts.	15 cts.
¼-pound Ginger (Ground)	25 cts.	15 cts.
¼-pound Mustard (Ground)	25 cts.	15 cts.
2 bars Kirk's White Flake Soap	16 cts.	9 cts.
2 pkgs "Dryflake" use like Soap Flakes	20 cts.	20 cts.
1 bar Fels Naptha Soap	5 cts.	3 cts.
1 pound Breakfast Cocoa	60 cts.	39 cts.
1 Catalog Free	Retail Price $3.21	Our Price $1.99

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Other Big Bargains in our Catalogue

Uneeda Biscuits, 12 packages.....40 cents
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Remember we send no catalogue unless we receive your trial order. We sell the trial order complete only and no part of same. Nor do we sell any article mentioned in this advertisement separately. We reserve the right to return any money tendered in payment of goods contrary to our selling plan.

Rush your trial order at once, and get our catalogue and commence saving big money on your groceries.

Order Blank

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Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find $1.99 for which send me Bargain Grocery Order No. ZC, and include free your catalog showing your big Grocery Bargains, it being understood and agreed if I am not perfectly satisfied that I can return the goods and you will at once return my money.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Express Office.....

whereas to let him think that he had escaped and was safe away, and then, at the very moment of his triumph, to snatch him from seeming security, would be the very refinement of cruelty the avenger so much desired. And so the properties were secured at some fabulous figure—the scene was set, and the great act of the drama, with Soy still the star, was carried to a successful climax."

"But," I made question, "I don't see how Soy could take such a risk. If it had been McNish instead of Cameron, he certainly would have recognized him, when he was brought aboard from the disabled dory."

"He thought of that, but you must remember that in all those sixteen years McNish had never once seen Soy. He thought he had perished with the rest when the Sable Lorcha went down. And so Soy decided that in oilskins, apparently unconscious, in an open boat off the New England coast, there was not one chance in ten thousand that McNish would connect him with the cook he had left for dead in the South China Sea."

"But McNish did recognize him as soon as he laid eyes on him in this house. I saw that myself, you know, Miss Clement. He recognized him and was terror stricken."

Miss Clement smiled tolerantly. She was armed at all points.

"You did not know, I suppose, Mr. Clyde, that that was not their first meeting," she explained. "Soy met McNish on the night you found him. It was he who assaulted him, somewhere about Seventh avenue and Fiftieth street, and would have killed him then, had not the police arrived at the moment. The officers probably thought McNish was intoxicated and let him go, seeing that he could stand, and so he staggered on to Fifth avenue; and there you discovered him."

"No, I did not know that," I admitted, a little crestfallen. "What followed?"

"You remember I told you that Chinatown was in a state of frenzy, the next day? You can understand now, why. Soy, of course, reported that McNish had escaped from the steamer——"

I have always believed that I was much ruder at this juncture than either Miss Clement or Dr. Addison would afterwards admit. I know I sprang abruptly to my feet; I know I shouted, and I fear my gestures were scarcely as restrained as the tenets of good breeding demanded.

"What steamer?" I cried, suddenly realizing that the only really vital piece of information we should have obtained, had all this while been delayed. "What steamer? Did he give you the name of it?"

But Miss Clement, quite unaffected by the contagion of my unwonted excitement, remained placid and self-contained as ever.

"In just a moment, Mr. Clyde," she said, with a smile that I confess exasperated me.

"Pardon me," I returned, insistently, "but you do not realize, I fear, what minutes even may mean in this matter."

"No," still very calmly, "I really don't. The steamer has been at sea now twenty-five days. It is bound for Hong Kong. If there was a chance of overtaking it, I——"

"There's every chance of overtaking it," I interrupted once again. "Tomorrow, or next day, or even today, it may put into Rio. We must telegraph the United States Consulate at every possible port."

"The steamer is the Glamorganshire," she said, quickly. "A freighter; a tramp, I suppose; bound for Hong Kong. She sailed on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth of last month, and Mr. Cameron was put aboard, half-drugged, as one of the crew."

Mr. Cameron's release from bondage is brought about by Clyde in the eighth and last installment of "The Sable Lorcha," appearing in next week's Ledger.

Along the Beaten Path.

"YOU know," said the switchboard operator, I told you we were going to cook our dinner at home last Thursday night."

"Well, is that anything to brag about?" said the pretty stenographer, "we cook our dinner at home every night."

"I surely wish I were in your class," answered the girl at the switchboard. "When we had our home I took my meals for granted, just the way you do, but since we three girls are alone and have taken our little apartment we have become regular patrons at the little restaurant around the corner. Well, the day before Christmas we received the dandiest box from Aunt Mayme in Ohio. She had everything in it for a complete dinner.

"Fortunately, or unfortunately, we had all been invited out for Christmas dinner. We felt rather overburdened with food. First, we decided to send our box to a poor family and then Winnie had a brilliant idea. She suggested that we all come right home from work Thursday night, get busy and cook a regular old-time, home meal for ourselves.

"We were delighted with the idea until Amy's conscience began to hurt. Just because we had suggested giving it to the poor, she felt as if we were robbing the poor if we kept it ourselves. We finally decided to compromise, and we took half of the contents of the box to our washwoman and figured that the other half would be plenty for three.

"Well, all day Thursday I was anticipating my supper, when I happened to hear Miss Grant, who lives at the Y. W. C. A., say to the girl at the next desk that she had been so lonely on Wednesday, as it was the first Christmas she had spent away from home. I decided then and there that what was enough for three would be enough for four, and I would ask Miss Grant to come home and have a belated Christmas dinner. We hurried home and were the first ones to arrive.

"In a few minutes I heard some one put a key in the door and then a strange voice. My heart went down in my boots as Winnie and her chum, Marion Field, walked into the kitchen.

"Of course, I did the polite thing, and told Marion how glad I was to see her. I called Miss Grant from the dining-room and introduced our guests, tho I was afraid to look at Winnie's face. Mentally I was calculating how we could stretch enough for three into enough for five, but I reached my conclusion just too soon. Just that minute I heard my sister Anna's voice in the hall asking if Stella had come in. With that she walks into the kitchen.

"'Hello, girls,' she exclaimed, and I hope the other girls did not notice anything peculiar in her manner. I did. Then she said in front of the whole crowd: 'Stella called up this morning and said her husband was out of town, so I asked her to come over for dinner.'"

"For goodness' sake, what did you do?" asked the pretty stenographer.

"Well, what I did and what I felt like doing were two different things. I wanted to go to the washwoman's and borrow back some turkey, but what I did was to hustle the girls into the parlor, then sneak out the back door, take the familiar path to the restaurant around the corner, where I bought two full orders of turkey."

"What a shame!" said the pretty stenographer, "so you didn't get away from the restaurant after all."

* * *

Ancient.

"Have they been long married?"

"Yes; their honeymoon was over a month ago—any time is a long time after that."

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Send only $1.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only $1.00 down, then $2.50 a month, or only $24.90 in all. A positively staggering value and one of the biggest bargains we have ever offered. Look at the massive set, clip the coupon below and have it shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money. All you have to do is send the coupon with $1.00. This magnificent library set is not shown in our regular catalog. The value is so wonderful and the demand so great that there aren't enough to go around, so send today—sure. Either have set sent for you to see, or tell us to mail catalog.

6 Pieces This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19 x 19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high, seats 17x17 inches. All four pieces are luxuriously padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24x34 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with $1.00, and we will ship the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. **No C. O. D.** Shipped K. D. We ship K. D. so as to save you as much as one-half of the freight charges. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 175 lbs. Money back if not pleased. **Order by No. B5186A. Send $1.00 cash with order, $2.50 monthly. Price, $24.90. No discount for cash.**

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Don't wait a day longer. Sit down today and send in the coupon for this 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. For a limited time only are we able to offer you this stupendous bargain. Prices, as you know, on everything are going up, up, up. It is impossible to tell just what day it will be necessary for us to increase the price of this wonderful fumed Solid Oak Library Set. So act, but act quick. Fill out the coupon and send it to us with the first small payment and we will ship you this wonderful 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. **Pieces not sold separately.**

Easy Payments

Open an account with us. We trust honest people, no matter where you live. Send for this wonderful bargain shown above or choose from our big catalog. One price to all cash or credit. **No discount for cash.** Not one penny extra for credit. Do not ask for a special cash price. We cannot offer any discount from these sensational prices.

30 Days' Trial

Our guarantee protects you. If not perfectly satisfied, return the article at our expense within 30 days and get your money back—also any freight you paid. Could any offer be fairer?

Free Bargain Catalog

Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, **stoves, porch and lawn furniture,** women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send the coupon today.

Send This Coupon

Along with $1.00 to us now. Have this fine library set shipped on 30 days' trial. We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send coupon today.

Free Trial Coupon

STRAUS & SCHRAM, (Inc.)
Dept 5015 W. 35th St., Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 6-Piece Fumed Oak Library Suite. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the suite I will pay you $2.50 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the suite within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 6-Piece Library Set, No. B5186A, $24.90.

Name.....

Address.....

Post Office..... State.....

If you ONLY want catalog put X in box below
☐ Furniture and Stoves ☐ Jewelry ☐ Cream Separators
☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing ☐ Paints ☐ Roofing

STRAUS & SCHRAM (Inc.) Dept. 5015 W. 35th Street **CHICAGO**

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

MEDICAL

RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED away. It is in the system and must be driven out to get relief. If you do not clear your system of the disease you will continue to suffer great pain and also be liable to get heart disease which may prove fatal. Dr. Hair's Rheumatism Remedy is scientifically prepared for the relief of pain and to guard against the disease going to the heart. Do not allow yourself to suffer any longer, but send at once for this highly recommended remedy. Address C. H. Hair, M. D., Delaware Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. If you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, blood, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

PATENTS

PATENTS PROMPTLY PRODUCED. SEND drawings for actual search of U. S. patents. Personal service. Moderate fees. Write for free patent book. George P. Kimmel, Patent Lawyer, 20-T Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS—SEND SKETCH OF YOUR invention for advice regarding patent protection. Twenty years' experience. Handbook on patents sent free. Talbert & Talbert, Patent Lawyers, 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED

$50 A WEEK FOR YOUR SPARE TIME. NO samples to carry. Sell monogramed leather belt from your personal belt. Every man wears a belt at our popular price. Genuine bridle strap belt with stylish monogramed hammered silver buckle, sells easily as rolling off a log. Orders filled same day received. Sells quickly at $1.50 to $2.00. Exclusive territory open for hustlers. $1 invested today in this beautiful belt for yourself will bring you dividends a thousand fold. Kloth-Belt Co., fine belt makers since 1902. 407 S. Halsted St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS: MARVELOUS DYE SOAP; BRILliant, fast colors; quick, big profits; $75 weekly on repeat orders; women amazed; buy regularly; Egyptian Queen Dye Soap a wonder; dyes silk, cotton, wool, one minute; absolutely different; beautiful colors, light or dark; no boiling; will not stain hands; perfect results; no experience necessary; all or spare time; write today; wonderful offer. Other valuable products. Address, Peerless Products Company, Dept. 321, 618 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill

DON'T CLING TO A BAD THING. IF YOU are tired and worn out with eternal struggle to make both ends meet, let us tell you how you can be your own Boss—own your own home free and earn twice what you are receiving—Become our exclusive sales representative—men and women—Give the sales ability you undoubtedly possess a chance—Earn $8 to $15 a day. Write today. Particulars cost you nothing. T. H. Snyder & Co., 9 Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free; Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug by parcel post prepaid $1.19. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

300% PROFIT AGENTS CLEARING HUNdreds weekly. New washing compound. Wonderful seller. Big repeater; nature's mightiest cleanser. Send for proof; free sample. Fred A. Mitchell, 1314 E. 61 Street, Chicago.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILlow tops, luminous crucifix, photo plates, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, etc. Lowest prices; rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalog and samples free. Jac. C. Bailey, Desk E-2, Chicago.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! Outfit free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful dress goods, silks, hosiery, underwear and general dry goods. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. K2, 425 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS EARNING $40 TO $100 A WEEK on live subscription proposition on well known national publication, exclusive in field. Live wires secure permanent position as district managers on salary. Write, Collins, 401 State-Lake Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS ANSWER FIRST? WHAT KILEM will do? Greatest scientific discovery of the age, 10th year. Instant death before your eyes, roaches, flies, bedbugs, etc. Outfit, territory free. A. Newlyn Co., New Castle, Delaware.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE; HARPER'S FIBRE broom and ten-use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

NEW PICTORIAL HISTORY WORLD WAR containing Peace Treaty, League of Nations. Biggest chance yet for money making. Be first, biggest terms, outfit free. Historical Book Co., Chicago.

AGENTS—WRITE FOR OUR NEW SELLING plan introducing "Wonder Values" made-to-measure suits. No experience required. Plan-B, Great Western Tlg. Co., 302 S. Green St., Chicago.

$1.85 FOR MEN'S MADE-TO-ORDER PANTS —worth $5.00. Sample free. Money-making offer for agents, part time or all. Write today. Chicago Tailors' Association, Dept. L-447, 515 So. Franklin St., Chicago.

FREE—CATALOGUE, BIGGEST AND BEST line cold cream, face powder, perfumes, remedies, soaps, extracts. Big profit, write today. Western Laboratories, 1920 W. Van Buren St., Chicago.

AGENTS—WASHING COMPOUND. WONderful. Cleans everything. Special proposition 200% profit. Samples 25c. Fritz Co., Rockford, Ill.

ENORMOUS PROFITS SELLING DUO guaranteed products. Easy sales at every house. All or spare time. Outfit Free. Write quick. Duo Co., Dept. H 56, Attica, N. Y.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 24 S. Main, St. Louis.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

PORTRAIT AND FRAMES. REASONABLE prices and quick service. Rejections credited. Brewer Art Co., Shelbyville, Ind.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WANTED—STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten mss. acceptable. Send mss. to Womans' National Magazine, 676, Washington, D. C.

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO HABIT, HOW TO OVERCOME IT amazingly, quickly, easily, lastingly. Book free. Edw. J. Woods, TH-178, Station F, New York.

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR no pay. $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT CLERKS, INTERNAL revenue, census, railway mail, (men and women) needed Now. Write regarding "Lunsir System;" thorough training; intense coaching. Entire cost $6.00. American Institute of Civil Service, Continental Building, Washington, D. C.

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS RAILWAY mail clerks. Men-women 18 to 35, $1,100 first year. Permanent positions. List Government positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. F29, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

AMERICAN DETECTIVE PATRIOT BADGE free with county inspector appointment for book "Detecting." $1. Cook's Syndicate, Woodstock, Ill.

25 CENTS EACH, PAID FOR NAMES and addresses. Positively no fake. Send dime for contract. Arthur Andersen, Dept. B, Box 172, South Omaha, Neb.

MALE HELP WANTED

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS; $110.00 a month to start and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. Three months home study. Situation arranged. Prepare for permanent position. Write for booklet CM12. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200. Colored porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

WANTED MEN—BE AUTOMOBILE EXperts, $35.00 week. Learn while earning. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 804, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN, QUALIFY FOR BRAKEMEN, FIREmen, $150-$200 monthly, all railroads. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Gov't. detective, Danville, Ill.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—5 BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES for 1919, to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

WOMEN, GIRLS, 18 OR OVER, WANTED. U. S. Government jobs. $1,000 first year. pleasant work. Many opportunities. List free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 27, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN—BECOME EXPERT DRESS DEsigners. Earn $125 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 854, Rochester, N. Y.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

KEEP LOOKING YOUNG. THERE ARE several toilet articles which the dainty woman who is particular about her appearance finds indispensable. Address Olive Chemical Company, 377 Broadway, Providence, R. I. We will tell you all about them.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

FREE—MAP, PRICE AND TYPEWRITTEN description of exceptionally well located tracts of clover land in Marinette County. In writing be sure to state what acreage you might want and whether you have any property that would have to be sold before you could purchase land. These special bargain tracts are going fast. Write today. Skidmore Land Co., 26 Marinette, Wisconsin.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—OUR OFFIcial 112-page book "Vacant Government Lands" lists and describes every acre in every county in U. S. Tells location, place to apply, how secured Free. 1919 diagrams and tables, new laws, lists, etc. Price 25 cents postpaid. Webb Publishing Co., Dept. 103, St. Paul, Minn.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE. $5 DOWN, $5 monthly, buys 40 acres good land near town. Price $200. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

ALABAMA LANDS

FOR THE NEXT FOUR MONTHS I WILL offer for sale, either large or small tracts of my valuable lands, from $40 to $60 an acre. Good buildings, fences, and water. Near school and within 3 miles of good market. For further information write C. E. Thomas, Care Autauga Banking & Trust Co., Prattville, Ala.

OLD COINS WANTED

OLD MONEY WANTED—ILLUSTRATED 4x6 buying catalogue. Ten cents. Thousands of Coins wanted. Get posted. Coin Company, Box 70, LeRoy, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

GEOLOGICAL MAP OF TEXAS IN THREE colors; this map is an exact reproduction from geological reports of the University of Texas and shows all the known oil bearing sands. Don't buy stock in any company unless their leases come well within the boundary lines of some well known oil bearing horizon. Get your order in before the supply is exhausted. Price 25 cents each, stamps or coin. Crown Publishing Company, 635 Symes Bldg., Denver, Colo.

OIL INVESTMENTS IN WONDERFUL NEW fields of north Texas, now making thousands of small investors wealthy. Biggest thing in the world today. $100 grew into $20,000 in six short months. Free facts sent showing how you may share in these amazing profits. Write today; thousands growing rich from small investments; why not you? Address Gliot, 733 Kress Building, Houston, Texas.

$100 MADE $15,000 WHEN FOWLER COMpany at Burkburnett sold portion of holdings. We will drill in same territory; derrick up in a few days. President Colonel C. J. Kirk, personally endorsed by Governor of Texas, and other responsible men, invite investors to join them. Write today. Kirk Oil Company, 501 Stewart Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$2.00 A MONTH PAYS FOR DEED TO land and share in oil wells that should earn $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write postal card for particulars. Texas Gulf Co., 633 First Nat. Bank, Houston, Texas.

FIFTY SHARES OF BUFFALO REFINING Corporation for sale. Address George L. Gansel, Muncy Valley, Sullivan County, Pa.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

GOOD INCOME NIGHTLY ON SMALL INvestment. Buy complete Guaranteed moving picture outfit direct from manufacturers and save money. Easy payments. No experience needed. Catalog free. National Moving Picture Co., Dept. B. S., 537 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

INSTRUCTION

LEARN SHORTHAND IN 6 EVENINGS. Then acquire speed quickly, easily. Success guaranteed. Write for Brochure and free proof lessons. King Institute, ED-178, Sta. F, New York, N. Y.

TRICKS—GAMES

250 MAGIC TRICKS WITH CARDS, coins, egg, ring, glass, etc., 10c. The art of ventriloquism 10c. Perfection palming coins 10c. 3 for 25c. Large Novelty catalogue included. World Novelty Co., 2202-2204 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

MAGIC GOODS, DICE, CARDS, GAMES, books, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Hurdland, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone, dice, tricks. Catalog free. B. L. Smith Co., Newark, Mo

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONG WRITERS: SUBMIT YOUR SONG- poems now for free examination and advice. Valuable booklet explaining our original methods of revising, composing, copyrighting and facilitating free publication or outright sale of songs, sent free, on postal request. Learn the truth from a reliable, successful concern. Satisfaction guaranteed. Knickerbocker Studios, 112 Gaiety Bldg., N. Y. City.

YOU WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG— Submit poems on patriotism, love, or any subject. We write music, guarantee copyright and assist in securing publisher. Metropolitan Studios, Room 105, 914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

WRITE A SONG—LOVE, MOTHER, HOME, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Thomas Merlin, 219 Reaper Block, Chicago.

PHOTOPLAY WRITING

WE BUY PHOTOPLAYS. SEND US YOUR ideas. Circular sent upon request. Practicable Photoplay Construction, Los Angeles.

VAUDEVILLE

GET ON THE STAGE! EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Send stamp for instructive booklet "All About Vaudeville." LaDelle, Sta. 253, Jackson, Mich.

VENTRILOQUISM

LEARN VENTRILOQUISM! — MYSTIFY your friends and make fun and money. Prof. Garry's Complete Illustrated Course of Ten Lessons sent prepaid, only 35c. LaDelle, Dept. B, Jackson, Mich.

PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES, Egyptian secrets, black art, other rare books. Catalog free. Star Book Co., A.A. Camden, N. J.

PERSONAL—(Continued.)

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE through lost vigor can find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G. Pittsburg, Kansas.

IF YOU LACK NERVE FORCE, POWER OR energy, are subject to weakness, or excessive drains on the nervous system, try Winchester's Specific Pill (both sex) $1.00 per box by mail. Literature free. Winchester & Co. (Established 61 years). Box D-147, Mount Vernon, New York.

MEN — SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 23 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY—WITHIN SIXTY DAYS. PAY when married. Send no money for our new liberty guarantee marriage plan. Nothing ever like it in America. Pilot Pub. Co., Desk 10, Marshall, Mich.

BED-WETTING: IN ALL AGES. FOR 20 years we have prepared the only successful remedy. Give age, and we will send a box free. Address The Missouri Remedy Co., Office 26, St. Louis, Mo.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. WORTH $1,000 to $800,000. Confidential descriptions free, in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Peoples Club, Box 4, San Diego, California.

GOITRE CURED AT HOME; WORST CASES. No pain. No cost if it fails. Successfully used for 13 years. Write for free book and testimonials. Goitrene Co., 573 West 63rd St., Chicago.

YOU CAN MAKE EXCELLENT SWEET wines out of grapes or other fruit for home, parties, or friends. Send 10c for complete instructions. Specialty Co., 13 Rowland Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

HIGH-GRADE $10 PREMIUM FREE FOR 11 names. Sensational offer. You'll like yours! For particulars address Eastern Products Co., Thompson Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER AND DESCRIPtions free. Many wealthy (sealed), pay when married. Langden, 802 Arbor Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR DESIRE AND Everready Magazine one year for dime and stamp. Mme. E. A. Fisher, Somerville, Tenn.

MARRY—THOUSANDS LONELY PEOPLE, worth $5,000 to $350,000, seeking marriage. Big list of descriptions sent free. Ralph Hyde, 253a Minna St., San Francisco, Calif.

WILL SOME GENTLEMAN UNDER 60 write lonely widow owning large ranch and $15,000. Object matrimony. Box 1355, Jacksonville, Fla.

ANTI-PROHIBITION FORMULAS. MAKE anything at home. Send stamp for particulars. H. Doty, 1342 Tremont, Denver, Colo.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions. Booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.

YOUNG LADY 21, WORTH $60,000, CITY property also, would marry honorable gentleman. Miss Warn, 2216½ Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—MANY WEALTHY CLIENTS desiring early marriage. Address Opal Club, Box 92, Rosiere, N. Y.

BATHING GIRL PHOTOS. SAMPLE 12c; 16 varieties $1. Satisfaction sure. Roseleat Club, St. Louis, Mo.

MARRY—BEST PLAN, HUNDREDS RICH, confidential, reliable. Lists and descriptions free. Unity, B-3, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

REAL PHOTOGRAPHS, LIVE ONES, ENUF said. 12, $1.50; 36, $3.00. Seigle Photograph Co., B., Keota, Iowa.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

MARRIAGE PAPER — PHOTOS, DESCRIPtions, many rich, want to marry. Free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

IF YOU WISH A PRETTY AND WEALTHY wife write me, stamped envelope for reply, Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

15 CARDS DIFFERENT READING FOR men only. 10c, silver. W. J. Walker, Risher, Ark.

REAL PHOTOS; GIRLS BEFORE BATH. Samples 25c. Agents wanted. Robert Hamilton, Barnes City, Iowa.

GENTLEMEN'S INDISPENSABLE ARTICLE 10c. Dime back if dissatisfied. Sullivan Co., 24 Rose, Battle Creek, Mich.

MAGIC SECRET REVEALS HOW YOU CAN obtain anything you desire. Postpaid for dime. A. Denford, 507 5th Ave., New York.

BOOKS FOR MEN — CATALOG FREE. United Sales Co., Springfield, Ill.

Swear Off Tobacco

Tobacco Tells on Nervous System
Tobacco Ruins Digestion
Tobacco Stunts Boy's Growth
Tobacco Robs Man of Vitality
Tobacco Steals from You the Pleasures, Comforts, Luxuries, of Life

Tobacco Habit Banished In 48 to 72 Hours

Immediate Results

Trying to quit the tobacco habit unaided is a losing fight against heavy odds, and means a serious shock to your nervous system. So don't try it! Make the tobacco habit quit you. It will quit you if you will just take **Tobacco Redeemer** according to directions.

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you've been a user of tobacco for a single month or 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it. Whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff—**Tobacco Redeemer** will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. Your tobacco craving will begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no long waiting for results.

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind and is the most marvelously quick, absolutely scientific and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit.

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer is in no sense a substitute for tobacco, but is a radical, efficient treatment. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves, and will make you feel better in every way. If you really want to quit the tobacco habit—get rid of it so completely that when you see others using it, it will not awaken the slightest desire in you—you should at once begin a course of **Tobacco Redeemer** treatment for the habit.

Results Absolutely Guaranteed

A single trial will convince the most skeptical. Our legal, binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. If **Tobacco Redeemer** fails to banish the tobacco habit when taken according to the plain and easy directions, your money will be cheerfully refunded upon demand.

Let Us Send You Convincing Proof

If you're a slave of the tobacco habit and want to find a sure, quick way of quitting "for keeps" you owe it to yourself and to your family to mail the coupon below or send your name and address on a postal and receive our **free** booklet on the deadly effect of tobacco on the human system, and positive proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will quickly free you from the habit.

Newell Pharmacal Company
Dept. 385 **St. Louis, Mo.**

Free Book Coupon

NEWELL PHARMAÇAL COMPANY
Dept. 385 **St. Louis, Mo.**

Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively free me from the tobacco habit.

Name .....

Street and No. .....

Town..... State.....

There has never been a better time than right now to quit any bad habit. Of all the "bad habits" inflicted upon mankind, Tobacco is unquestionably the filthiest, most useless, health destroying, money wasting habit of them all.